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m. F. Buckley Jr. asks:
DO THE POOR GET POORER?
—see page 508

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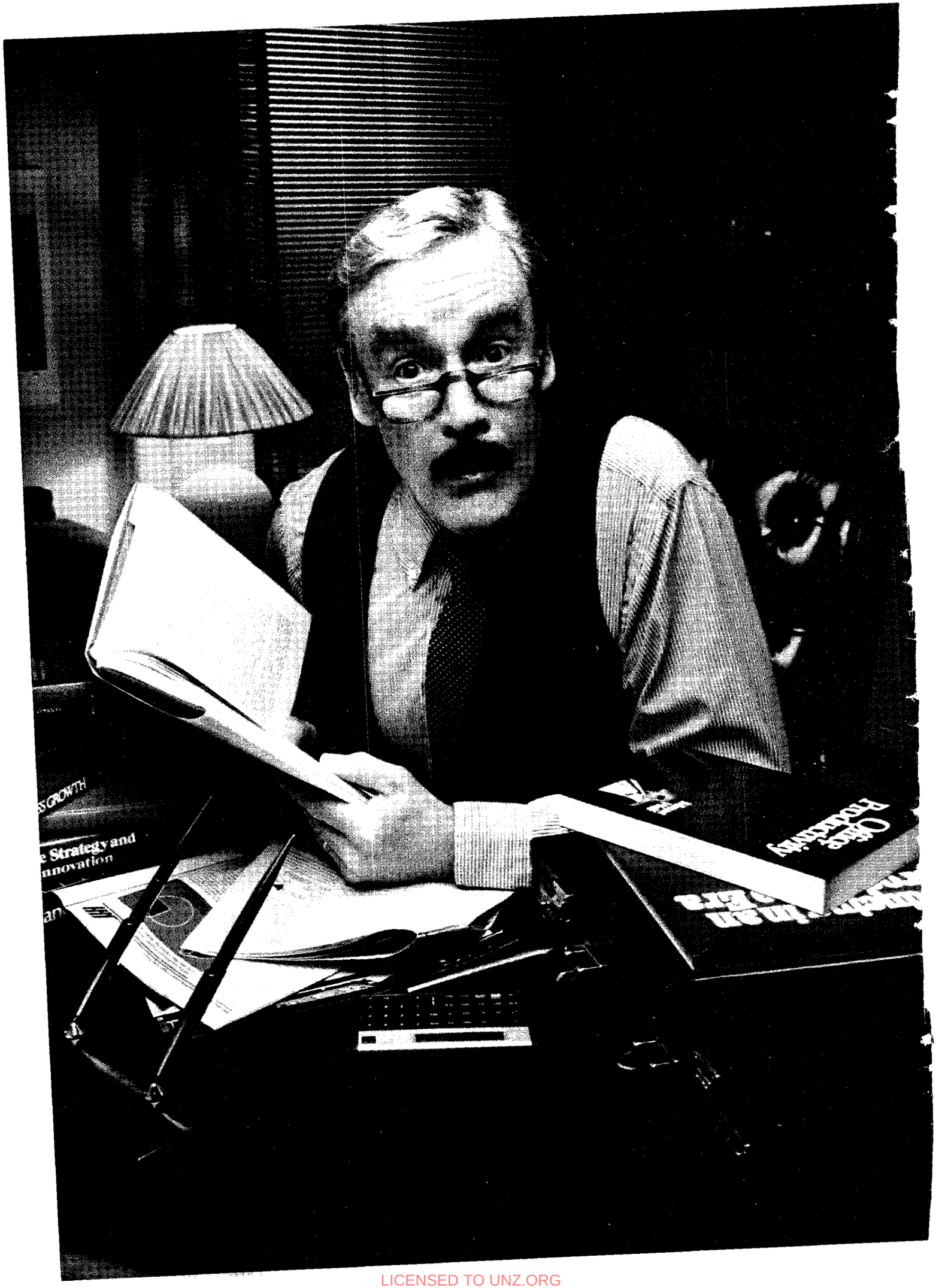

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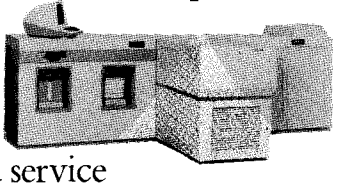

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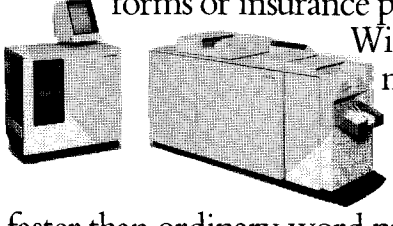

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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The Cover

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"Our people are like someone lying in bed, dying; and the American radio broadcasts are like a visitor who comes in very self-satisfied, cheerful, beautifully dressed, and sits down, and says: 'Now I will entertain you. Do you want me to do a little dance?' . . . It is difficult to overestimate the importance these broadcasts could have if they were well directed. I can say without exaggeration that maybe we would not be thinking that there is danger of another world war." A grim look at how America speaks to the world: an impassioned analysis by the prophet whose words have been, and still are, spiked on American broadcasts in the interests of detente; and a report on the Reagan Administration's half-hearted attempt, and full-fledged failure, to enspirit the Voice of America.
Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn
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A bloody terrorist visits Vienna. (Hitler and Khrushchev could perhaps suggest itineraries.)
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In earlier epochs, a critic tormented only the writers...

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

Laurence Sterne

In ours, he torments everybody.

Recently a middle-aged father published a book about his sordid adventures in massage parlors, wife-swapping communes and the worlds of easy sex and prostitution. The critics were grateful to Gay Talese. *Newsweek* said that "Talese's research has an awesome solidity about it." *Vogue* was proud of "... Gay's triumph over the puritanical strictures of Ocean City, strictures that so inhibited him that he didn't even masturbate until his second year in college." And the *Chicago Tribune* – a newspaper respectable primarily in its own eyes—turned its enthusiasm into promotion by running excerpts of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* for Chicagoland families to read.

The state of literary criticism today strongly confirms Laurence Sterne's warning: the cant of criticism *is* the most tormenting. To make things worse, the modern media have transformed the critic into a midwife of mass consciousness. Regardless of what we wish to know or ignore, we live with cultural events and their consequences – as interpreted by the modern critic. Sadly, what passes for "cultural criticism" in *Time, Esquire, Chicago Tribune, Ladies Home Journal,* et al., amounts to an elitist, moral shoddiness.

The Critical Difference

In *Chronicles of Culture,* we feel there is a need for a counterpoise to those who judge cultural offerings without giving any thought to the impact of messages which are liberated from all codes of moral and intellectual responsibility. We firmly believe that culture, books, movies, behavioral trends—their meaning and success—deeply affect man's preferences and, consequently, his sense of moral and social order. We are not timid when we confront the liberal cultural cant. *The National Review* remarked that we, *"Go for the jugular. . . . Chronicles* reports on the reporters, and reviews the reviewers. Its verdicts have not been kind."

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Letters

The Shroud of Turin

Thank you for Jerome Goldblatt on the Shroud ["The Shroud," April 16]. Next time *NR* takes up the subject, could it discuss another question—how the Shroud got from Palestine to Western Europe?

It may be a moot point since, as Sherlock Holmes said, once all the impossible explanations have been eliminated, the remaining explanation, however improbable, must be the correct one. But I would still like to know the cloth's pedigree. Maybe next Easter.

Chip Gatter
White Plains, N.Y.

I've read quite a bit about the Shroud of Turin one way or another, but I do believe Jerome Goldblatt's article is the most moving account of it I have ever read. Of course, each writer has his own batch of fish to fry, but so many of the accounts come out sounding either coldly technical or slightly smug. Mr. Goldblatt's, however, captures the awe, and the agony—and the mystery.

This last, it seems to me, is the most important in the present controversy over the Shroud. We can give scientific names to the process by which the image was transferred to the Shroud, but, as Mr. Goldblatt rightly says, that's all semantics. The point to remember is that this event was not a natural one; corpses do not of themselves turn into energy or light.

And that leads to the yet more important question, which we cannot answer but must continue to ask: Why? Why did God choose a means to resurrect His Son which would leave a coded message that could not be fully interpreted until now? On the other hand, as we look around at this century of ours, maybe we can think of some reasons. And that is nearly as chilling as the account of the crucifixion itself.

Bernard Emerson
Tarrytown, N.Y.

Sobran Revisited

Joseph Sobran, in his review of the televised *Brideshead Revisited* ["Slow-Mo Waugh," March 19], finds it too slow, too long, too boring, too pretentious. He finds Olivier too old, Claire Bloom too priggish, Anthony Andrews too tiring, Jeremy Irons too fishy-eyed, their rumps too bare, their relationship too carnal and too casual, the plot too earthbound, and finally the whole piece too faithful to the book that Mr. Sobran doesn't think too much of in the first place.

Disagreeing totally with Mr. Sobran's criticism, I have been happily immersed in the fragrance of Charles's remembrance of things past, moved to reread Waugh's book, and thinking all the time that British TV imports are some of the best stuff we are getting out here in Wisconsin.

Carol Hardenbergh
Waupaca, Wis.

Close Enough for Jazz

A couple of curious lapses turn up in Ralph de Toledano's piece on Jelly Roll Morton ["Sound on Disc," April 2]. Morton's last record date wasn't in 1938. He did two sessions for Bluebird in 1939, three for General in 1939, and two more for General early in 1940. These are well documented, not least in *Frontiers of Jazz*, a 1947 collection of jazz writing expertly assembled by—Ralph de Toledano.

Nor did Scott Joplin compose "Memphis Blues." That would be W. C. Handy, who even plugs his own Memphis band, by name, in the lyric.

Neil McCaffrey
Pelham Manor, N.Y.

Vidal's Platform

Re: "For the Record" [April 2]: Even more interesting than Gore Vidal's campaign for drastic cuts in the defense budget, the legalization of prostitution, gambling, and drug use, and the taxing of churches, is an interview he had with the *Los Angeles Times* (Jan. 25, 1981) when he was considering running for the U.S. Senate. At that time, he acknowledged that he had not voted since 1964 and was vigorously opposed to other people voting. It will be most interesting to see if the novel Mr. Vidal can be elected to the office of U.S. senator without anyone voting for him.

Monroe Rubinger
Beverly Hills, Calif.

The Jaffa/Berns Debate

Walter Berns and Irving Kristol can defend themselves, but someone else must take up the argument on behalf of the late Martin Diamond ["In Defense of Political Philosophy," Jan. 22]. I do so, sadly aware of how much more instructively and humorously he could have responded to Harry Jaffa's tiresome and laborious attempt at journalistic philosophizing.

Jaffa's introduction asserts that Diamond, in a 1973 lecture, somehow was heir to an argument traceable, through Willmoore Kendall, to John Calhoun, regarding the relationship of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Kendall wanted to disconnect the

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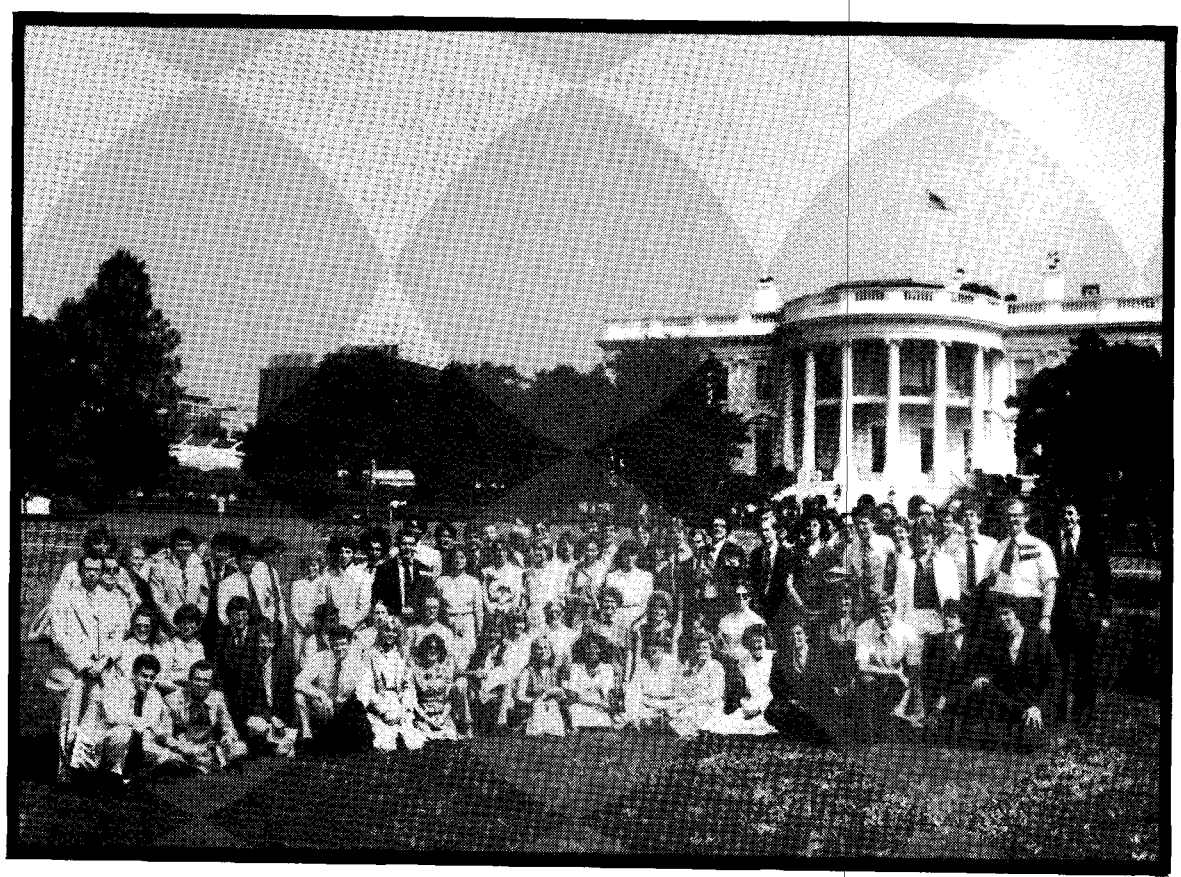

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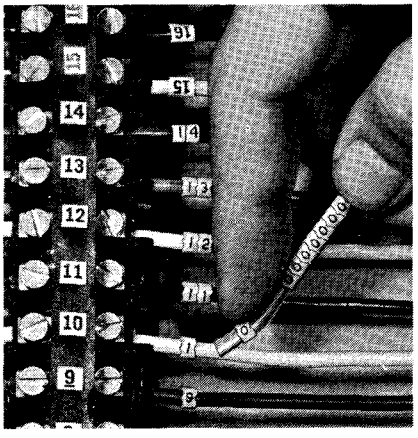

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two as part of his "warfare against the Declaration." Calhoun was worse: he considered the principles of the Declaration "false" and "dangerous."

Did Diamond agree? No. In fact, *anyone* who reads the lecture can see that Diamond's position is exactly—*exactly*—the opposite: he considered the Declaration and the Constitution inseparable, and he considered the main tenets of the Declaration as the fundamental truths of the American Republic. Diamond made these points not just in passing, but as the emphatic and chief theme of the lecture, from beginning to end.

Consider this from the beginning: "When we look back to our origins we look . . . to the Declaration and the Constitution. They are the two springs of our existence. To understand their relationship is to understand the political core of our being . . . It is to this never-to-be-severed relationship of the Declaration and the Constitution that I address my remarks."

Consider this from the end of the lecture: "I have tried to turn our attention to the two founding documents of our national being—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—and I have tried to make it impossible for us to think of the one without simultaneously thinking of the other. In this I have followed but also reversed the magisterial effort of Lincoln. He devoted himself to drawing the Americans of his generation back from the Constitution to the Declaration. . . . When the men of his generation spoke of the Constitution, he wished them always to think of the Declaration and hence of the liberty in which the nation had been conceived and of the proposition regarding equality to which it had been dedicated.

"Today our needs are otherwise. Our two documents must as always be seen as indissolubly linked. But now we need to train ourselves, when hearing the Declaration's heady rhetoric of revolution and freedom or when it is foolishly cited as authority for populistic passions, always soberly to see the Constitution as the necessary forming, constraining, and sustaining system of government that made our revolution a blessing to mankind and not a curse."

These quotes suffice, I trust, to establish clearly that Diamond's argument was not at all as characterized by Jaffa, but quite the opposite. The best that can be said for what Jaffa has done is to credit him with one half-truth. Diamond did say, repeatedly, that the Declaration did not guide the writers of the Constitution in devising the *institutions* that would secure the rights set forth in the Declaration: ". . . the Declaration is devoid of guidance as to what those *institutions* should be." "The Declaration . . . offers no guid-

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ance for the *construction* of free government. . . ." The means for securing rights had to be devised; the Declaration says nothing about how to achieve and maintain separation of powers, nothing about federalism as the basis of an extended republic, nothing about the importance of an extended republic for multiplicity of interests, nothing about multiplicity of interests as the most powerful support of rights. In short, the Founders needed to invent "auxiliary precautions" as the means to secure their rights.

That argument culminates in Diamond's assertion that the Constitution completed the work commenced by the Declaration. "It is to the Constitution that we must ultimately turn as the completion of the American Revolution." "The American founding . . . is only begun by the Declaration. It reaches its completion with the Constitution."

So much for the attack on Diamond. But Jaffa made another error that should be corrected. I don't know when he began to lay claim to powers of divination in characterizing the "central idea" of books not yet written by authors not yet chosen, but to put his mind at rest, I can tell him what the "central idea" of the American Enterprise Institute's series on the Bicentennial of the Constitution is. It is to pose great and persisting questions about the Constitution—how democratic is it? how capitalistic is it? how does it secure rights? how federal is it?—and then try to get the best writers we can, of differing views and disciplines, to give reasoned answers to the questions. These will be books of controversy, designed to provide solid ground for readers to think for themselves, following the method I have always used in editing books—and which Jaffa approved heartily when he was a contributing author to them—and fully in accord with the AEI's motto that competition of ideas is fundamental to a free society.

Robert A. Goldwin
Director of Constitutional Studies
American Enterprise Institute
Washington, D.C.

The Jacobite Cause

Charles Kesler asks, re: Toryism and the American Revolution, whether there could be any supporters of the House of Stuart left ["Conservatism and the Founding Fathers," April 12]. Surely he nods? Tories in 1776 supported George III, of the House of Hanover. There was a living Stuart—Charles Edward, grandson of James II, known to Jacobites as Charles III. But Charles's younger brother and successor, Henry, Cardinal York, died childless—whereupon the Jacobite claim to the throne passed to other families.

To the King over the Water.

Richard Brookhiser
New York, N.Y.

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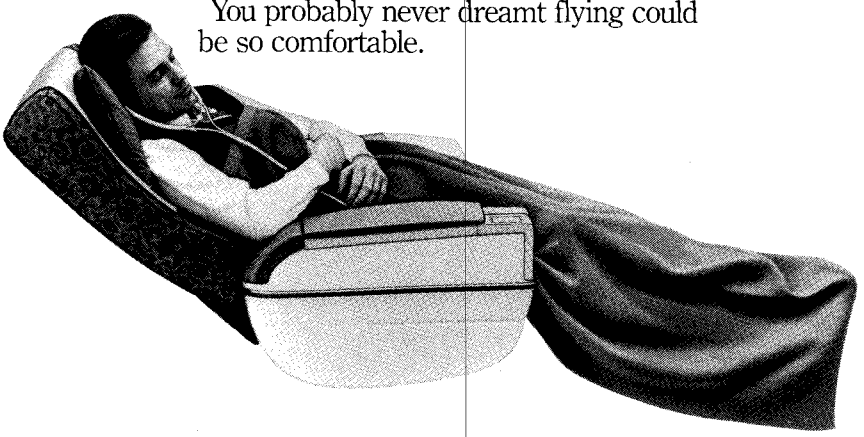

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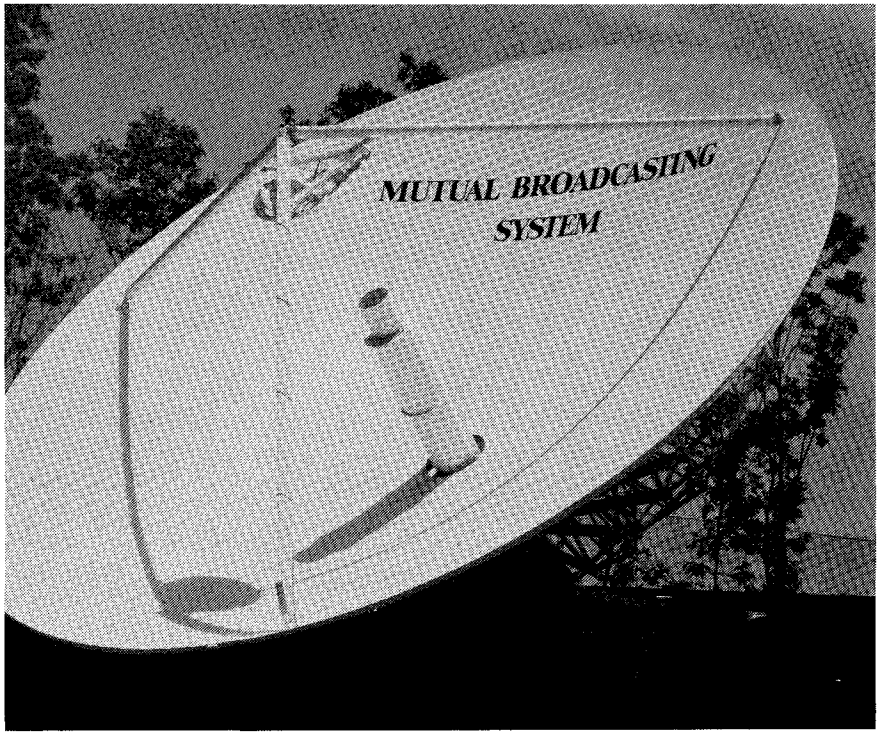

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FOR THE RECORD

■ *Just* who's running what? According to *Washington Post*'s **David Broder**, presidential aide **Edward J. Rollins** is cracking the whip on the Hill, warning Republican dissidents that divergence from party line now could cost them in November. Rollins is particularly incensed at Sens. **Robert Packwood** (Ore.) and **Lowell Weicker** (Conn.). He points out that recent **Robert Teeter** poll shows that the more a voter approves of **Reagan**'s job performance, the more likely he is to vote Republican in November. "We should be more aggressive," says Rollins. "After all, the Democrats ran against **Herbert Hoover** for thirty years." . . . **Evans & Novak** beat the alarum over proposed 4 per cent surcharge on higher incomes now being pressed by Chief of Staff, **James Baker**. What Reagan will have to decide, they say, "is whether he was elected President to raise marginal tax rates." . . . But what to do about the deficit. Minority House Leader **Robert Michel**, a tower of strength in last year's tax-cut and budget battles, says the one thing he does know is that another $50 billion must be lopped from budget if deficit is to be kept to around $100 billion. . . . There are loyalists out there. Thirteen Republican senators (**Denton, East, Garn, Grassley, Hatch, Hawkins, Helms, Jepsen, Kasten, Mattingly, McClure, Roth, Symms**) have sent White House a letter urging President Reagan to stand firm on his tax cuts. . . . Although the Democrats rejoice as Reagan's popularity slides, he's still got them worried. Says National Chairman **Charles Manatt**: "Never, never underestimate Ronald Reagan. He is in a sophomore period now. You can't count him out in any remote sense of the word." . . . How will today's barrage of bad news be reflected in November? **Kevin Phillips**, interviewing Democratic analysts around the country, says 28 per cent think the Democrats will gain zero to ten House seats, 37 per cent think they will gain ten to twenty. (Only 4 per cent think they will win more than that.) Two-thirds, however, predict that the present bipartisan conservative coalition, though weakened, will continue to control the House.

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"Britain wants separate bills."

■ Some odd lineups on disarmament/defense matters. Rep. **John Rhodes**, onetime House Minority Leader, a longtime hawk, is taking active role in attacks on defense spending. Calls for scrapping of B-1, reducing MX expenditures by 70 per cent, cutting back on Rapid Deployment Force, and phased pullback of European troops. . . . On the other hand, Rep. **Les Aspin** (D., Wis.), a longtime Pentagon critic, has blasted the nuclear-freeze idea (**Kennedy-Hatfield** resolution) because, he says, "it would eliminate the Soviets' incentive to reduce their armaments after the freeze." . . . And **Walter Mondale** has attacked **McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, Kennan, Gerard Smith** suggestion that the U.S. take a no-first-nuclear-strike pledge. That, says Mondale, "might encourage the Soviet Union to launch an attack on Western Europe that could turn into nuclear war." . . . While the nuclear-freeze campaign takes wings, the people at large are very dubious. Most recent poll on **Soviet trustworthiness** finds only 1 per cent of Americans have "a great deal of trust" that Moscow will honor treaty obligations, 83 per cent have "little or no trust" that it will. . . . And how about this for chutzpah: the Right Reverend **Robert Claflin Rusack**, Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Los Angeles, has written His Holiness Pope **John Paul II**, Bishop of Rome, urging him to cancel a Vatican meeting with President Reagan on June 7, and haste instead to New York to address the opening session of the special UN session on disarmament.

■ News from behind the Curtain: Western diplomats in **Moscow** say last year's wheat harvest was even worse than was thought: 160 million metric tons as against the 235-million-ton target. . . . Information sneaked out of **Poland** indicates factory production was down 15 per cent in January 1982 over January 1981, and continues to plunge. . . . Among the 62 new slogans approved by East German chief **Erich Honecker** is the snappy: "Call for unshakable unity and single-mindedness of the community of socialist states"—i.e., Stay in there, **Jaruzelski**.

■ Funniest comment of fortnight (as quoted by **George Will**) is **Lord Wigg**'s lament on news of the Falkland Island invasion: "Britain has spent £111 billion on defense since the end of the last war and we can't knock the skin off a rice pudding."

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THE WEEK

■ A British telephone operator has broadened the horizons of modern warfare by dialing at random a number in Buenos Aires and singing "Britannia Rules the Waves" to a startled Argentinian.

■ A twin billing of Presidents Reagan and Brezhnev for the UN special session on disarmament in mid-June? The notion came up a few days ago at a White House press conference, where reporters are wont to ask questions that have to be answered in the affirmative. Such a joint presidential presence might well occasion a congregation of chiefs of state and of government to match that at the General Assembly 22 years ago, when Nikita Khrushchev attended. The thought must give shivers to guardians of internal security. But in fact, while President Reagan does plan to attend, it is premature to anticipate anything like a spontaneous New York summit conference. For one thing, President Reagan's informal invitation has no standing in protocol; and Moscow rumors concerning Brezhnev's health continue negative.

■ At home, the Left's Number One concern is the Voting Rights Act, the law that kept New York from holding city council elections last year and that kept Richmond from electing a new city council for eight years. (The Left wants to toughen up the Act, which will prevent even more elections.) Abroad, the Left's Number One concern is Central America, where El Salvador holds elections and Nicaragua refuses to. (The Left wants to give El Salvador the cold shoulder, and improve relations with Nicaragua.) If there is a common thread here, it must be that the Left doesn't like it when people vote. They love democracy; it's *elections* they can't stand.

■ Do you know what Ronald Reagan did to the Legal Services Corporation, the government-financed organization that is supposed to provide legal assistance to the poor? Starting late in December, while Congress was on its Christmas recess, he began nominating his choices for the LSC's 11-member Board of Directors. In the months that followed, the White House submitted the names of nine nominees to the Senate Labor Committee. The Committee was to hold hearings the end of March, but they never got under way because three minority members of the Committee—Senators Kennedy, Metzenbaum, and Eagleton—are apparently upset that the nominees hold legal views similar to those of the man who nominated them. Meanwhile, the outgoing members of the Board of Directors, appointed by President Carter, have brought suit, claiming that Reagan's recess appointments were illegal. Yes, they concede, all of *them* were recess appointees, but they thought it wasn't right when Carter did it and have decided to do something about it now. And isn't it terrible how Mr. Reagan is trying to deny legal services to the poor?

■ BIRTH AND DEATH IN THE HIGH BRACKETS. If you've ever wondered just how much the tax laws distort people's incentives, here are two grim points of reference. According to a Washington obstetrician, as quoted by Emily Yoffe in *The New Republic*, some expectant mothers induce labor in the last few days of December, so as to reap the tax benefit of the extra year's deduction. And the *Wall Street Journal* reported last year that certain estate trusts for grandchildren could escape large new tax burdens only if their benefactor died before year's end. Asked 93-year-old Florence Campbell of New Jersey: "Why does the law provide a definite incentive for me to kill myself?"

■ Columnists Evans and Novak report "a new, still secret consensus among U.S. intelligence agencies following months of bitter dispute that the Soviet Union has deployed almost two hundred mobile intercontinental missiles in violation of the SALT II treaty terms both countries are thought to be abiding by. . . . [Evidence] of actual deployment of the world's first mobile ICBM . . . is incontrovertible. The dread six-thousand-nautical-mile missiles, housed in and fired from huge wheeled vehicles capable of rapid movement, are concealed under elaborate camouflage. The fact that competing U.S. intelligence agencies took several years to establish a consensus on SS-16 deployment points to the danger of a nuclear freeze not accompanied by air-tight—that is, on-site—inspection methods to verify Soviet compliance." Since the Soviet Union has never been willing to permit on-site inspection by either Western or neutral experts, the notion of an uninspected freeze, popular among liberal clergymen with shrinking flocks and Democratic officials out of office, is a classic example of *une fausse idée claire*. (Humorous footnote: East German authorities have outlawed the wearing of badges and armbands advocating disarmament.)

■ In a letter dated April 5, President Reagan moved strongly into the social-issues area, surprising some White House and congressional pragmatists. The President's letter was an eloquent call for action to end the congressional deadlock on abortion and produce "legislation that would restore protection of the law to children before birth." The letter was sent to the Republican congressional leaders, Senator Howard Baker and Representative Bob Michel, and the co-chairmen of the Congressional Pro-Life Caucus, Sen-

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In the Spring '82 issue of Foreign Affairs, Bundy, Kennan, McNamara and Smith explain why NATO's policy, since 1949, of Nuclear First Strike could be wrong.

Dead wrong.

McGeorge Bundy was Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs from 1961 to 1966 and President of the Ford Foundation from 1966 to mid-1979. He is currently Professor of History at New York University.

George F. Kennan is Professor Emeritus at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton. He was U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, 1952, and to Yugoslavia, 1961-63, and is the author of *Soviet-American Relations, 1917-20* (2 Vols.); *Memoirs* (2 Vols.) and other works.

Robert S. McNamara was Secretary of Defense from 1961 to 1968 and President of the World Bank from 1968 to mid-1981.

Gerard Smith was Chief of the U.S. Delegation to the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks (SALT) from 1969 to 1972, and is the author of *Doubletalk: The Story of Salt I.* He also served as Special Assistant to the Secretary of State for atomic energy affairs (1954-57), Director of the Policy Planning Staff of the Department of State (1957-61), a full-time consultant on the Multilateral Force (1961-64), and Ambassador at Large and Special Presidential Representative for nonproliferation matters (1977-80).

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ators Tom Eagleton (D., Mo.) and Jesse Helms (R., N.C.), and Representatives Charles Dougherty (R., Pa.) and Ron Mazzoli (D., Ky.). Others who received copies of the President's letter include Senator Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) and Representative Henry Hyde (R., Ill.), sponsors of competing anti-abortion measures now pending in Congress, plus a "representative" number of national anti-abortion groups. Mr. Reagan acknowledged the "sharp differences of opinions as to which action is the best one" but said it was "most important" that Congress "consider one or more of the proposals." He concluded: "I want you to know that you have not only my best wishes but also my prayers for success."

■ A "documentary" film called *From the Ashes . . . Nicaragua* appeared on public television, starring all of those wonderful Sandinistas, courtesy of a grant of $45,623 from the National Endowment for the Humanities. It's yours, you bought it, and we hope you're glad. New Humanities Endowment Chairman William Bennett isn't glad. He blasted the film as "unabashed socialist-realism propaganda." Carter's chairman, Joseph Duffey, defended the grant: "The endowment is not a moral pulpit." Damn right, Duffey, so what was it doing sponsoring propaganda films for the Marxist cause? The Endowment is a very fragile public institution, and nothing can keep it in good health except intellectual integrity. A demonstration of which Mr. Bennett has just given us.

■ The story: Inflation holding at under 4 per cent for the month of February, falling to its lowest rate in 16 years. The *Washington Post* headline: "Recession Exceeds Forecasts."

■ Well sir, there they were all assembled, about eight hundred of them, the pacifist elite of West Germany: Action for Reconciliation, the Federal Association of Environmental Citizens' Initiatives (like that one), the German Student Federation, the Communist Party, the German Peace Society, and the Green Party. And what they were cooking up was a demonstration, a whambang, half-million-strong demonstration to greet Ronald Reagan when he arrives in Bonn for the NATO meeting on June 10. The meeting was run in a highly structured fashion, and somewhere along the line the leaders of the Green Party, a left-wing environmental group that has been moderately successful in local elections, started to get uneasy. What the hell was going on here? That was about the time that the assembled pacifists voted to condemn the United States for its policies in Central America, the Middle East, southern Africa, Western Europe, "and other regions" (Antarctica?). And about the time that resolutions criticizing the Soviet Union for its "interference" in Poland and its "intervention" in Afghanistan were shouted down. My goodness, said the Greens, the Communists must be manipulating us—and walked out. As of the moment, they are planning their own, separate, June 10 disarmament rally.

■ For the first time since Red Army troops rolled into Prague in 1968, a pirate radio station is operating behind the Iron Curtain. At 9 P.M. Easter Tuesday, people all over Warsaw switched to an FM channel they had been reading about and heard: "This is Radio Solidarity," followed by a theme song from the days of the anti-Nazi resistance and a 15-minute pep talk. If you hear us well flick your lights three times, they were told, twice for not so well, once for poorly —and all over Warsaw, they flicked like glowworms, thrice in the central city, twice in certain areas, once on the outskirts. Spotters for Solidarity were taking notes. Like the wartime BBC broadcasting to occupied Europe, Radio Solidarity promises to be back—on a regular schedule. Meanwhile the Committee in Support of Solidarity in New York reports that nearly one thousand underground leaflets, pamphlets, letters, and news bulletins are flooding the country. They come in all forms: printed, offset, mimeographed, in worn carbon copies. In one way or another they proclaim Lech Walesa's message: "Solidarity will not let itself be divided or destroyed."

■ El Salvador's Christian Democratic Party did better in the cities, which have been subject to relatively low guerrilla activity, whereas its right-wing competitors scored best in rural areas, where the threat has been relatively high. Voter turnout notably surged in those same areas. Those points underscore a general revulsion for the revolutionaries as the key to the outcome. This is by way of registering dissent from implied congressional reproofs of the Salvadoran electorate for not having precisely conformed to the United States' distant preferences. The main stake, after all, is El Salvador's independence, and it is just as well not to burden the winners with the domestic handicap of being outsiders'—even North Americans'—chosen instruments.

■ World War I inexplicably broke out again with the Argentine seizure of some uninhabitable rocks in the South Atlantic which the British Admiralty was using as a colliery for its dreadnoughts.

■ Apparently unconcerned by the Battle of the Falklands, top Pentagon brass spend their working hours trying to get their offices painted. In some cases the paint job is ten years overdue, thanks to bureaucratic procedure, according to a *Wall Street Journal* report. Painting has to be done by General Services Administration painters, with Defense Department funds, and the GSA won't tell the Pentagon people how many paint shops it has in the Pentagon, lest the top brass bypass the regular channels to get their offices painted.

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Some of the brass have retaliated by painting their own offices, which is illegal.

■ Assistant HUD Secretary Stephen Bollinger started it by smearing a piece of chocolate cake in the face of Deputy HUD Under Secretary Dan Hughes. Mr. Hughes then returned the favor with what some witnesses thought was white cake with vanilla frosting. So began a few bright moments of American governance in the Jeffersonian tradition, churlishly described by journalists as a food fight. Sad to report, the participants soon thought better of it, got cleaned up, and went back to work.

Strategy Session

Fritz: I've got my platform.
Teddy: Yeah, me too.
Fritz: I'm for the people.
Teddy: Good for you.
Fritz: There's just one problem.
Teddy: Only one?
Fritz: We need recession.
Teddy: Till we run.

W. H. von Dreele

Rule Britannia?

As we go to press, the Falkland Islands situation remains murky and potentially very dangerous. About it, in mid-passage, a few observations:

1. The Argentine government, struggling in a tide of inflation and political unpopularity, pressed the invasion button, uniting Argentina—temporarily—in a swell of nationalist enthusiasm. The Argentinians want the oil believed to be in the area of the Falklands, but they may also be looking further afield. Argentina has been asserting claims to portions of Antarctica, where there are also mineral resources; but this would bring her into direct conflict with the United States.

2. Militarily, Argentina may have miscalculated. England has the third best navy in the world, and, ship for ship, it may even be better than the U.S. or Soviet navy. It is modern, professional, and ready for action. Already one of England's nuclear-powered submarines has chased the only Argentine aircraft carrier out of the area, largely eliminating any air threat. When the surface ships arrive on the scene, they have many options. They can blockade the islands, both at sea and in the air. They can mine the ports on the mainland and effectively close them. They can begin to destroy selected targets—power installations, military bases, etc.—at will. Argentina could learn, indeed deserves to learn, a very painful lesson, i.e., that in this case it is not dealing with Neville Chamberlain.

3. At the same time, the U.S. has a clear interest in a settlement, and as soon as possible. Argentina is essentially an anti-Communist country, and appears willing to cooperate with us and with other nations of the hemisphere in counter-guerrilla operations in places like El Salvador. In hostilities with England, the Argentinians would perceive the U.S. as tilting toward England, its historic ally. This would be a strategically negative development.

4. If hostilities continue, the Soviet Union would no doubt consider its options. It would surely give Argentina verbal and diplomatic support, posing as the ally of the Latins against the gringos, thus advancing its own designs in the hemisphere. The Soviet Union might risk challenging the British navy at sea—though there the stakes would be very high, and the Soviet navy quite possibly in danger of serious embarrassment.

5. What just might be worked out is some version of the Hong Kong formula, in which the Argentinians gain nominal sovereignty over the islands, the British continue to administer them—and the two countries work out an arrangement on the profits from whatever oil is pumped.

6. And the Argentinians forget about Antarctica.

Congress and the Undernourished Corporation

Economists often talk about how government-created uncertainty disrupts the economy. Not a few of them, indeed, think that government flip-flops have replaced crop and weather cycles as the leading cause of business instability. Their point was dramatically illustrated on March 29, when United Airlines told the Boeing Company to stop work on twenty jetliners worth $800 million until Congress decided whether or not to modify the law it passed last year on tax-leasing credits. United said it would have to cancel the orders if Congress changed the law.

Less than one year after the tax-leasing provisions were enacted, they are under such intense political attack that they may not survive this session of Congress. Under these provisions, an unprofitable company, which cannot use investment tax credits because it pays no taxes, can in effect sell its credits to a profitable company, which uses them to reduce its own taxes. The unprofitable firm sells to the profitable firm, and then leases back, the equipment on which the credits are taken. United, which lost $104.4 million last year, raised $11.5 million by selling its credits in this way. If the law is repealed, United may find that it no longer pays to make big new investments for things like jetliners.

It is ironic that tax leasing is so unpopular, since it

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fits right in with the neoliberal views that are fashionable just now in ambitious Washington circles. Specifically, it subsidizes ailing sectors of the economy in the form of money-losing companies, but without creating a big new bureaucracy. Just before the 1980 election, President Carter proposed a scheme to make the investment tax credit payable to firms that do not pay taxes—an idea much like tax leasing except that the money would have to go through Washington on its way from money maker to money loser.

Some preliminary figures suggest that ailing companies get about three-quarters of the benefits from tax leasing, which, for a government program, would be a high proportion to reach the intended beneficiaries. Nor is the other quarter wasted: it goes toward reducing the taxes of other companies.

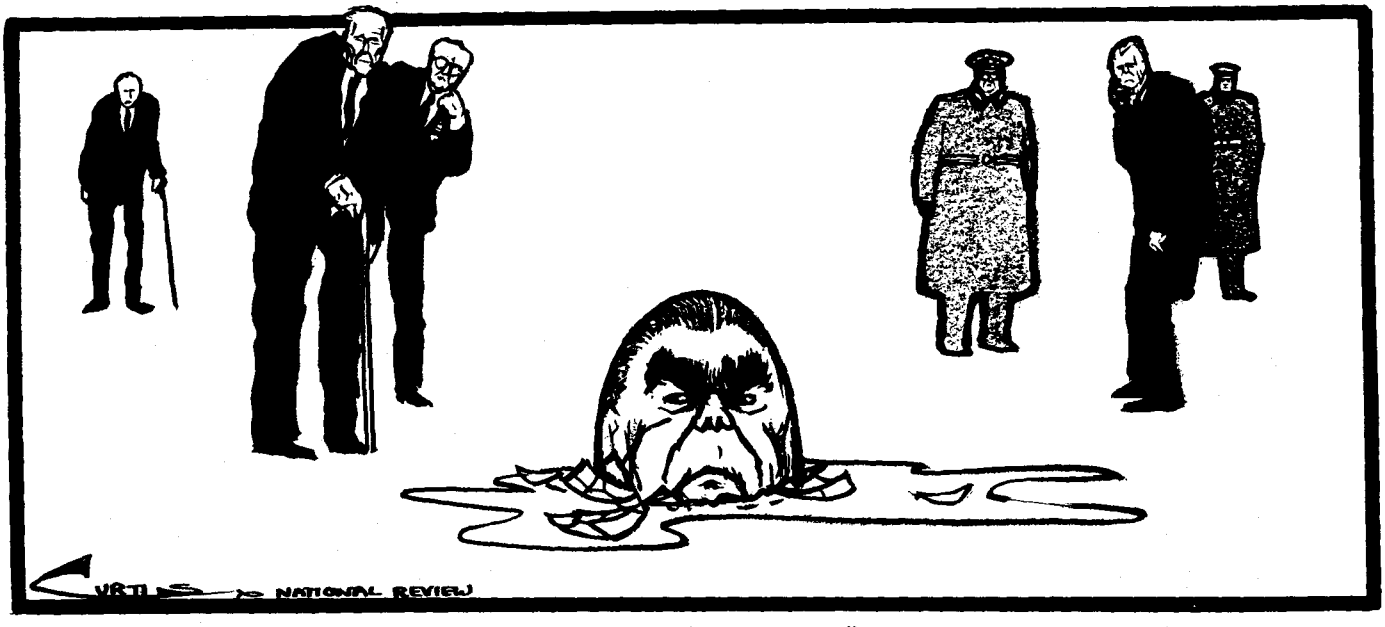
Which, in the eyes of many conservatives, is a far better place for it to go anyway. Alan Greenspan, for one, has called leasing "sort of the equivalent of food stamps for undernourished corporations." Tax cuts should cut taxes, not redistribute income from "winners" to "losers." There is no doubt that the country would be better served if the leasing provisions were replaced with a general cut of similar magnitude in the overall business tax rate. As the Boeing episode demonstrates, however, tax laws should not be changed lightly or often, and Congress should tinker with leasing only if it is prepared to provide investors with reasonable certainty in the future.

'No First Use'

It would be pointless at this juncture to call into question the credentials of McGeorge Bundy, George F. Kennan, Robert S. McNamara, or Gerard Smith—though their previous stances on military matters will presumptively be subject to critical examination in the wake of their joint initiative in *Foreign Affairs*. In this article they demanded nothing less than that the Western nations renounce any first use of nuclear weapons in the performance of common defense obligations under the North Atlantic Treaty. What counts for the moment is the proponents' combined status—a formidable consideration—along with the fact that their appeal is directed not merely to the magistracies but, more pointedly, to the citizenries of the Western Alliance countries, among them pre-eminently that of the United States. Under such authoritative auspices, "no first use" seems sure to join "nuclear freeze now" and "ban nukes" as a conjuring term for town meetings and theological assemblies.

Amid the clamor, it will be important to try to focus attention on a few basics. The North Atlantic Alliance was instituted because it was as essential to the recovery of Western Europe as a fence to a cornfield. Its core was the pledging of U.S. resources to the defense of the transatlantic allies against attack or armed intimidation by the Soviet Union. The design was to deter war and thereby to alleviate anxieties about its coming. The undertaking has worked. The alliance remains an operative reality in 1982, imperfect but still efficacious.

The including of the nuclear factor among the pertinent U.S. resources may be described as necessary—in the sense of indispensable, as distinguished from merely convenient. The Soviet Union is on notice—along with the United States' allies—that in extremity, nuclear weapons might be employed to counter an invasion. Any such venture must be weighed in terms of enormous consequences. The relevance to the interplay of strategic calculations is central. The Soviet Union is foreclosed from counting on achieving quick success by a massing of its quan-



"All the king's horses . . ."

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titatively superior conventional forces: it would not dare risk a possible nuclear riposte.

The nuclear option in extremity thus remains a factor in deterrence, and it is small wonder that the Soviet Union would—as the four eminent authors suppose—be wholly in favor of such a declaratory self-denial. Most of the rest of their case—substantial savings, strengthening of the unity of the alliance, general alleviation of anxiety, a toning down of Soviet waywardness, a stimulus to arms control, and the like—is supposititious and dubious. The four authors are on sound ground only in postulating a warm Soviet reception of the idea of forswearing first use of nuclear weapons in Europe.

Thunder on the Right?

Deacon Anthony Lewis, taking the Falkland Islands invasion as text, has delivered himself of yet another sermon on the iniquity of right-wing regimes and the folly of American policymakers who have truck with them. Aggression and double-dealing, see, is what we should *expect* from places like Argentina. And yet the Reagan Administration wanted the Carter-era arms ban lifted; while Jeane Kirkpatrick, who has attempted to distinguish between authoritarian and totalitarian regimes, was being wined and dined by the Argentinians the very night they invaded. Yea and verily, quoth Lewis, they have their reward.

Clearly we are not altogether happy with the behavior of this right-wing dictatorship. But the point is framed generically, and bears examination. Surely there have been enough aggressions over the last ten years to provide what statisticians call a significant sample? Well then: since 1972, the right-wing dictators of the world have successfully seized one place—East Timor (formerly Portuguese, briefly run by revolutionaries, now Indonesian). The Greek Colonels made a grab for Cyprus, which ended in a Turkish counterattack and a mutiny at home. During the same period, the left-wing dictators have sent their troops into (in alphabetical order): Afghanistan, Angola, Cambodia, Ethiopia, Laos, Mozambique, and South Vietnam. They have also sponsored a coup in Poland, and successful guerrilla warfare in Nicaragua and Zimbabwe (characteristically, Lewis, in the same column in which he hectors Jeane Kirkpatrick, also mourns the resignation of Lord Carrington, whose diplomacy was instrumental in effecting the Zimbabwean takeover). Sometimes they invade each other, as witness Vietnam's obliteration of the Khmer Rouge, and China's brief war with Vietnam.

The fact is that right-wing aggression in this century, practically speaking, ended at Nagasaki. The great ideological engines which propelled it, Fascism and National Socialism, are smashed beyond repair. The right-wing dictatorships which remain are by and large cautious affairs, content to mismanage their own houses. Franco, not Hitler, is the behavioral paradigm. For real action in today's world, whether you are a Cuban foreign legionnaire or a toadying Polish military bureaucrat, you look to the totalitarian Left for slogans and bullets. And to idiot savants like Anthony Lewis for rhetorical cover.

Student Loans: Theory and Practice

Federally guaranteed and subsidized loans to college students—graduate and undergraduate—suddenly became a hot political issue, so much so that President Reagan devoted most of his April 10 radio broadcast to this subject. Not altogether surprisingly. The middle classes are learning how to mobilize their troops, and where to apply pressure.

On campuses across the country, whipped on by faculty organizers and given prime coverage by the media, students crystallized a protest against the Reagan loan proposals. Routinely, at gathering after gathering, Reagan was characterized as an enemy of education, of progress, of science and the liberal arts, of minorities, women, and humanity. Without knowing much about the details, many accepted these characterizations.

For the connoisseur, inevitably, there were rewarding comic moments. We live these days, as everyone knows, in a Theater of the Absurd. The editor of the *Yale Daily News* bounced off an Ivy League editors' protest re El Salvador, in which students were urged to "participate in grass-roots demonstrations" against U.S. policy in that unfortunate country, only to lead another protest in Washington against Reagan's depredations on the student-loan front. The grass-roots of it all was overwhelming.

Anyway, what Reagan has tried to do, and what he finds himself on the defensive about, is not very much.

His proposals, now bottled up in the House Appropriations Committee and universally considered defunct for this year, are modest indeed. Reagan would increase the cost of a loan-origination fee from 5 to 10 per cent. This would reduce the cost of the program to the Federal Government by some $300 million per year. Reagan would also tighten the eligibility requirement for a guaranteed and subsidized loan to a family income of $18,000 per year, from the current $27,000 per year. Thus middle-income subsidized loans would decrease, even as total projected loans would increase. *Reagan's proposals are more narrowly oriented toward the poor than the current arrangements.* This is a datum of minimal interest to the campus activists.

There are other details. Graduate students would

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have to pay 14 per cent interest, parents would be expected to contribute slightly more, etc. It is almost never mentioned that nothing in this entire federal program precludes anyone from attending a less expensive college.

In his radio defense of his ideas on student loans, the President argued that his approach would increase benefits to the genuinely needy and at the same time save the taxpayers money. He might well be correct. But his defense of his recommendations was politically irrelevant. His attempt at minimal reform has achieved nothing but the raising of a powerful and articulate opposition. He ignored Machiavelli's excellent maxim that one should never administer an opponent a small injury.

What needs to be done is to reassess the entire program, both philosophically and operationally.

The present program has no merit-component. It is based upon the egalitarian assumption that any student, admitted to any college or graduate school, who meets the financial need requirements, should be eligible for a federally subsidized loan. But is that really good public policy? Do we really believe that absolutely anyone has a "right" to taxpayers' money to pay for a college education? This question has never been seriously addressed at the national policymaking level. The questions, "Is it nice, friendly?" and, "Is it good policy?" probably have very different answers. The introduction of an ability criterion might very well be good educational and fiscal policy. For example, it would increase the incentive for better performance by secondary schools.

It is also true that the present system has a high—an unacceptable—rate of default on the loans. Recent investigations have turned up, for example, that default is especially high among people who have gone through medical school at the taxpayers' expense.

Under any prospective formula, this hemorrhage ought to be stopped. As a reform of the system, the IRS might well be made the collection agency, requiring a repayment schedule immune to bankruptcy and enjoying the kind of first-call the IRS enjoys in its own pursuits. The President would have done well to address these fundamental issues in the loan program.

"Don't take it so seriously, Don. Remember, it's only the seven o'clock news."

Admiral Mahan Remembered

As Britain busts a gut to mobilize
A fleet that would have made the Kaiser grin,
The time has come to do a brief reprise
On Mahan and why they read him in Berlin.
He studied states that were or might have been
Empires, from the Greeks until his day,
And analyzed why some of them would win
And why some, having won, would fade away.
Sea power means dependencies obey,
While melting navies lead but to decline:
Without flotillas chunking, Mandalay
Was lost along with all that palm and pine.
Mahan's still required reading for cadets.
He's also studied by the Soviets.

W. H. VON DREELE

Bob Jones, et al.

In a recent column, James Jackson Kilpatrick takes a look at the IRS argument for its 12-year-old policy of withholding tax exemptions from schools that practice racial discrimination, and the 1971 federal court decision that upheld it.

Tax exemptions for charitable, religious, or educational institutions were included in a tariff act passed by Congress in 1894. This provision remains virtually unchanged in Section 501 (c) (3) of the Tax Code.

The IRS bases its policy of denying tax exemptions to racially discriminatory schools on the Civil Rights Act. Now, although that Act provides that institutions practicing racial discrimination be denied "federal financial assistance," such assistance is expressly defined as meaning grants, loans, and contracts. The Act makes no mention of tax exemptions. The IRS nonetheless decided that exemptions are indeed a form of "federal financial assistance," which cannot be granted to schools such as Bob Jones University.

In 1971, a lower court, ruling in *Green* v. *Connally*, upheld the IRS by a 2 to 1 vote. This required what Kilpatrick calls "a feat of legerdemain." "Section 501 (c) (3)," he explains, "is phrased clearly in the disjunctive: It deals with charitable, religious 'or' educational institutions. But hocus-pocus-dominocus, the court changed 'or' to read 'and,' thus requiring that the

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Memo to: You

From: Jim McFadden

We repeat this "old" offer by popular demand!

I was privileged to attend the truly marvelous party celebrating the 15th Anniversary of Bill Buckley's "Firing Line" (seems impossible that it's been on TV that long -- and getting better and better too). The invited included everyone who's appeared on the show, so you can imagine that it was quite a gathering -- a big roomful of people you'd never imagine would be in the same place together but for this occasion -- a tribute, I'd say, to the uniqueness of "Firing Line."

Not surprisingly, this set me to pondering what's wrong with it: all that "good stuff," zillions of spoken words ranging from the truly memorable to the merely interesting, lost in the sense that, if you didn't see/hear it yourself, it's gone (and who, having heard it, can remember it all?). That's why I've often sent for tape recordings of shows I've liked the most, e.g., any time the great Malcolm Muggeridge is the guest. Well, the party made me replay some Buckley-Muggeridge cassettes and, sure enough, they get better and better the more you hear them. You can't catch it all the first time -- also, I play them for friends, and it never fails to turn the night into more than the usual (with many "play that part again" interruptions as the conversation -- or argument -- blooms).

Wouldn't you like to hear one of them? Naturally, that's the next thought that struck me. So I inquired: Could we reproduce copies of the original sound track? Lo and behold (why didn't I think of this before) the good people in charge said OK. Thus, dear reader, you may now become the proud owner of a cassette-tape that will replay for your delight the entire Buckley-Muggeridge "Firing Line" program on the fascinating subject: "How Does One Find Faith?" Your friendly local atheist would relish this one, with WFB asking the right questions, and MM giving his inimitable answers. Sample:

MM: Jesus had to suffer. Otherwise, what's the cross? There's no sacrifice. At the same time, he had to be God because he was perfect.

WFB: "Christ without the crucifixion is liberalism," said Whittaker Chambers.

MM: Yes, it's very good, that.

Now that you have pen poised over checkbook, simply use the card facing this page to subscribe or renew now for a full year of NR at the regular $26 rate, and we'll gladly send you a free copy of this very Buckley-Muggeridge "Firing Line" tape-cassette. If you are a new subscriber, please check the appropriate box (if it's a renewal, our trusty computer will automatically add another 26 valuable issues to your current term, no matter when it is now due to expire). As soon as we receive your order, we'll run off a cassette and send it to you as fast as we can -- free, with all postage, etc., paid by us. A Heavenly bargain, you might say -- don't miss it. Fill out and return the card facing this page now, before you get distracted?

J.P.M.

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Mississippi schools involved in the case must be both charitable and also educational in order to qualify. As a matter of federal policy, discrimination is uncharitable. Tax laws must be construed so as not to frustrate federal policy. Therefore the exemptions that tax laws afford only to charitable organizations could be denied to these schools."

The Alice-in-Wonderland nature of such reasoning is apparent. Were the Supreme Court to uphold it, all tax-exempt institutions could find themselves having to comply with whatever is the official federal policy. If, for instance, the IRS decided that it is now the national policy to eliminate sex discrimination, they might deny tax-exempt status to single-sex private schools and colleges. Or to religions that do not ordain women. The National Jewish Commission on Law and Public Affairs has taken this threat seriously enough to file a brief on behalf of Bob Jones University.

It may be that if the Supreme Court resolves this matter, it will be in a way that will deny tax-exempt status to some all-white schools. But it will have to find new grounds for doing so. *Green* v. *Connally*, pretty obviously, is not a bridge from here to there.

Costa-Gavras's Imposture (Cont'd)

We have noted (see *NR*, March 5) the distortions and omissions in *Missing*, the first Hollywood movie of the award-winning Greek director Costa-Gavras. *Missing* claims to be the true account ("This film is based on a true story," the titles declare. "The incidents and facts are documented.") of the murder of a young American, Charles Horman, during the Chilean coup of 1973—both the murder and the coup, the film alleges, having occurred with the complicity of the United States. Both allegations are false.

Richard Grenier, *Commentary*'s movie critic, goes over Costa-Gavras's career in the most recent issue of that magazine, and finds more of the same—a lot more.

Costa-Gavras moved to France from Greece in 1952, where he began reading Marx and Lenin like "forbidden fruit" (his own words). He called himself a "Sartrean Marxist."

His first movie was a successful and apolitical crime thriller. *Shock Troops*, his second movie, dealt with the French Resistance and flopped—though it was invited to the Moscow Film Festival.

Then came *Z* and stardom. Written by a former member of the Spanish Communist Party, *Z*'s screenplay glorified a real-life Greek politician, Gregorios Lambrakis, who had belonged to the fellow-traveling EDA party, opposed NATO, and urged unilateral disarmament. The movie implied that Lambrakis's murderers may have had CIA assistance. Ironically, the Greek boss of the period was democratically elected. Indeed, he was the father of the current Marxist Prime Minister, Andreas Papandreou.

The Confession, Costa-Gavras's next, appeared to be anti-Communist, condemning the antisemitic Slansky trials in Czechoslovakia in 1952. In fact, it was narrowly anti-Stalinist—Costa-Gavras called Stalinism a "perversion." Costa-Gavras based his screenplay on a book by Artur London, a Communist.

His first movie about Latin America, and his last before *Missing*, was *State of Siege*, which celebrates the Tupamaro terrorists of Uruguay. Like *Missing*, *State of Siege* has a murdered American—though since this one instructs the Uruguayan police in torture, his murder is okay. (Costa-Gavras's fictional American is also based on an actual American, one Dan Mitrione, actually murdered by the Tupamaros, though of course there is no shred of evidence that he instructed anyone in torture.) Franco Solinas, a member of the Italian Communist Party, did the screenplay. Interviewed in Paris with Costa-Gavras after *State of Siege* came out, Solinas declared that "the basic problem of our epoch is actually the role of the policeman which the United States plays in the entire world."

Costa-Gavras, on Grenier's showing, is a liar and a fellow-traveler. His gifts are completely at the service of his ideology. His movies depict the United States as a kind of worldwide Murder Incorporated, at the same time that they glorify the terrorism of the totalitarian Left.

Chronicles of Courage

The fiftieth consecutive issue of the *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania* reached the West on March 18, one day before the journal celebrated an occasion that may be unique in the annals of *samizdat* literature: a tenth anniversary.

To those aware of the dangers faced by the editors of the *Chronicle*, ten years is a truly magnificent achievement. While journals in the West grapple with such (legitimate) concerns as the high cost of mailing and the rigors of inflation, the editors of the *Chronicle* must deal with a phenomenon unknown in the West: publish *and* perish. Throughout the *Chronicle*'s life, an army of KGB agents has been zealously trying to shut it down and to punish those responsible for its publication. So far, as the fifty issues demonstrate, the KGB has been unable to accomplish its mission, but it has had some successes, one of which is detailed in a report issued by the Lithuanian Information Center, located in Brooklyn, which disseminates the information smuggled from Lithuania.

On November 24 of last year, Father Bronius Laurinavicius, a Catholic priest long active in the movement

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for religious and human rights in the Soviet-occupied country, was killed by a truck as he was crossing the street in the Lithuanian capital of Vilnius. Two witnesses claim they saw the 69-year-old priest, under constant KGB surveillance, being thrown in front of the truck by a group of men. Despite these witnesses, authorities persist in calling the death an accident.

Father Laurinavicius was the third priest to die in mysterious circumstances in Lithuania since October 1980. With his death, only one member of the country's Helsinki Watch group remains at large—the poet Ona Lukauskaite-Poskiene. The other members are either in labor camps or in exile.

Abe Fortas, R I P

Abe Fortas was a charming man socially, his soft Southern accent and gentle sense of humor a constant reminder of his Memphis boyhood. He was an expert violinist, one of the ablest lawyers of his time, and though he never held elective office, he was profoundly involved in the history of mid-twentieth century America.

The son of a Jewish pawnbroker and cabinet-maker, Fortas was projected rapidly upward by his intellect. At the Yale Law School he became a protégé of William O. Douglas, and he went to Washington with the floodtide of young lawyers who shaped the New Deal. As a partner in one of Washington's most prestigious law firms, he often took cases without fee when the principle appealed to him. Fortas was an old-fashioned patriot, and it is ironic—though also characteristic—that he came to general public attention during the Fifties when he acted as counsel in national-security cases for men far less devoted to this country than he.

Fortas became the consummate Washington insider and a crony of Lyndon Johnson, who twisted his arm and reduced his income by appointing him to Arthur Goldberg's seat on the Court in 1965, where Fortas regularly voted with the activist Warren majority.

The string ran out for both Fortas and his era in 1968, when, with Nixon waiting in the wings, Lyndon Johnson attempted to name Fortas to Warren's seat as Chief Justice. This proved to be Johnson's final act of political overreaching. Sensing the coming victory in the presidential election, Republican senators would have gotten something on St. Francis had Johnson nominated him; but Fortas provided a much easier target. The Johnson forces could not muster the votes to break a filibuster, and then, several months later, it emerged that Fortas, while on the Court, had accepted a substantial amount of money from the Wolfson Family Foundation at a time when Louis E. Wolfson was under federal investigation. Fortas resigned from the Court under heavy fire. Nixon soon had the opportunity to name Warren Burger to the Court and to go on to create a new conservative majority. Through all these vicissitudes, Fortas retained the respect, and often the deep friendship, even of those who disagreed vehemently with his performance on the Court.

El Salvador's Election

On CBS they all tut-tut;
  On NBC Tom Brokaw sniffs.
At ABC they're nicer, but
  They're ready with their handkerchiefs.
They all agree the vote was fair,
  But still they're terribly uptight.
You wonder why they sniff the air?
  It's all those voters on the Right.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ [Another A to Z submission, sent anonymously from Buffalo, N.Y.]

A brother, conservative, designated editor-figure, gets his ingenious jovial kinswoman, loyalty-motivated, name of Priscilla, qualified representative Smithie, to unfold veritable wisdom x-ing Yalie's "zaniness."

Sort of fun. (Don't dare sign!)

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have read with interest and amusement the continuing debate in NATIONAL REVIEW over how many postal codes will be available under the proposed nine-digit system. The answer is simple: in theory, one billion; in practice, far fewer. Let me explain.

The proposed system will simply add four digits to the right of the present ZIP codes. No ZIP code is lower than 01000, which right off the bat eliminates ten million possible nine-digit codes. Likewise, not all available ZIP codes are used. For example, the ZIP codes for Chicago are 606 followed by a two-digit code that indicates a neighborhood post office. In theory, the 606 city code could serve one hundred post offices (i.e., 60600 through 60699); however, there are only 66 post offices in Chicago. The 34 two-digit codes not used means that 340,000 nine-digit codes will be unavailable for use. Repeat this pattern all over the nation, and you will see that far fewer than the theoretically possible one billion codes will actually be available for use.

I notice that your correspondents all assume that

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the nine-digit code is a lousy idea. However, as the son of a postal worker and as a former carrier myself, I believe the nine-digit code is a good idea. Let me explain.

My father went to work for the Post Office before ZIP codes had been introduced. He was a sign writer, but his job was classified as "clerk," which meant that he had to master a "case" before he could become a permanent employee. My father was assigned the state of Louisiana; learning his case meant memorizing the name of each town in Louisiana and that of the district post office that served it. I remember how he worked hours every night, trying to memorize that Jambalaya (or wherever) was served by whichever district office. Eventually, he passed his test; however, as any personnel manager will tell you, it is difficult nowadays to find people who will work that hard just to have a *chance* at a job. This is compounded by the fact that while it takes intelligence and initiative to learn how to sort mail, the actual sorting is a stupefying task. Nowadays, people with that much intelligence and initiative can do better for themselves, and the ZIP code has eliminated the need to memorize cases.

Now, once mail arrives at a district post office it is resorted twice: a clerk sorts it according to route, and the letter carrier sorts it according to the order in which it is delivered. Clerks still must learn their cases just as my father did. The carrier's sorting usually is easy because he can follow street numbers; however, high-rise buildings can be very difficult to learn because few people include apartment numbers on their addresses. When I was a substitute carrier in the summer of 1974, another substitute and I were told to do Lake Point Tower one day. (One of the "perks" of being a letter carrier was that I could roam through the buildings in downtown Chicago, the finest collection of architecture in the United States.) We first pigeon-holed all the letters with apartment numbers (about one-third of them), then spent the rest of our time trying to find the correct apartment numbers for what was left. At the end of our shift, we had to haul two sacks of mail back to the office—something nobody liked. The nine-digit ZIP code would eliminate that problem, because it would direct a letter immediately to the suite of offices or apartments of the addressee.

I must note in passing that the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW have often carried praise for the direct-mail tactics of Republicans—a means, it is said, of bypassing the liberal-controlled media. Such direct-mail campaigns are made possible by computer sortings of mailing lists by ZIP code: for example, if you were a Republican running for mayor of Chicago (ha-ha), you could raise funds by renting the subscription list of NATIONAL REVIEW and sorting out all the subscribers whose ZIP codes began with 606. Now, the nine-digit ZIP code will allow such direct-mail campaigns to be used effectively on a local level, for local offices. This is especially important in places like northeastern Illinois, which is heavily gerrymandered against the Republican Party.

At first glance, the nine-digit ZIP code appears to be another federal idiocy, but I believe informed reflection shows it to be a scheme that deserves our support.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick Butzen
Chicago, Ill.

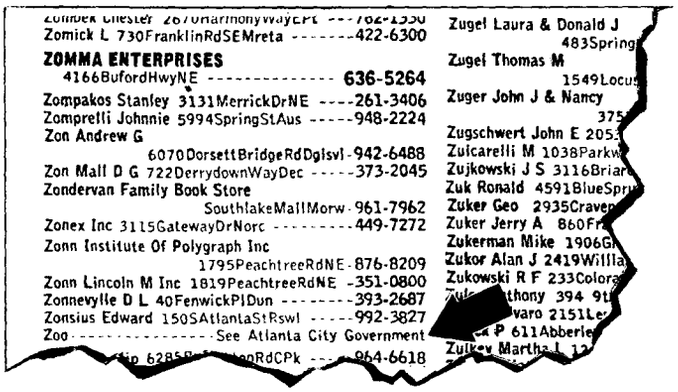
■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

John Roche is on vacation so we won't be running "A Word Edgewise" in this issue.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Attached is a copy of a page from the Atlanta Telephone Directory. The explanation is dead accurate. Surely you have a place in your magazine for such a succinct truth.

Cordially,
Tom C. Campbell
Atlanta, Ga.


Zomick L 730FranklinRdSEMreta -------422-6300
ZOMMA ENTERPRISES
4166BufordHwyNE ---------- 636-5264
Zompakos Stanley 3131MerrickDrNE ----261-3406
Zomprelli Johnnie 5994SpringStAus -----948-2224
Zon Andrew G
6070DorsettBridgeRdDglsvl-942-6488
Zon Mall D G 722DerrydownWayDec -----373-2045
Zondervan Family Book Store
SouthlakeMallMorw-961-7962
Zonex Inc 3115GatewayDrNorc ---------449-7272
Zonn Institute Of Polygraph Inc
1795PeachtreeRdNE-876-8209
Zonn Lincoln M Inc 1819PeachtreeRdNE -351-0800
Zonnevylle D L 40FenwickPlDun --------393-2687
Zonsius Edward 150SAtlantaStRswl -----992-3827
Zoo ----------See Atlanta City Government
Zugel Laura & Donald J
483Spring
Zugel Thomas M
1549Locu
Zuger John J & Nancy
375
Zugschwert John E 205
Zuicarelli M 1038Parkw
Zujkowski J S 3116Briar
Zuk Ronald 4591BlueSpr
Zuker Geo 2935Craven
Zuker Jerry A 860Fr
Zukerman Mike 1906G
Zukor Alan J 2419Willia
Zukowski R F 233Colora
thony 394 9
varo 2151Le
P 611Abberle
Zulkey Martha J

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Settle an argument.

This friend of mine claims the Rather show gets pronounced *The CBS Evening Noise* only in certain parts of the South and Brooklyn, because of regional accents.

But I say it comes out that way no matter what the accent.

What do you think?

Sincerely,
Arnold Cusmariu
Department of Philosophy
Northern Illinois University
DeKalb, Ill.

Dear Mr. Cusmariu: I don't think. (Therefore I'm not? —Please consult your colleagues, & advise.) Cordially,
—WFB

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SPECIAL REPORT

Khomeini: Chapter Two

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

KUWAIT, APRIL 6—The likely prospect of a victory for Iran in its 19-month-old war with Iraq is inspiring large amounts of dread in the six member states of the Gulf Cooperation Council (GCC)—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Qatar, Bahrain, Oman, and the United Arab Emirates. With the war out of the way, and flushed with triumph, Iran would spread its revolutionary chaos down the Gulf with even greater zeal and resources than hitherto. Dedicated to a greater-Persian-empire policy, the Ayatollah and the rabid young fundamentalists who run his government want to establish Shi'ite Islamic republics of the Iranian type throughout the region. Besides accommodating the fundamentalists' zeal, this revolutionary ardor would also distract the Iranian military and people from their grave internal problems.

The fledgling GCC was born in Abu Dhabi last May as a vehicle to strengthen the region's economy, culture, and security. From the outset the GCC had to bear the wrath of Iran, which continuously blasted it with the most hostile invective, calling it among other things a vile creature of the West bent on defeating Iran's ideological penetration of the Gulf. In October the broadcast propaganda was supplemented by subversive action: the Ayatollah gave 15,000 pilgrims his approval to turn the holy city of Mecca inside out as a protest against the Saudi Arabian government. This license from him had the effect of a blessing from the Pope. Later, in a letter to Saudi Arabia's King Khalid, Khomeini derided the King's earlier polite protest, saying that there was no separation in Islam between politics and religion. Intelligence reports from this region indicate that Iran has earmarked over $25 million for softening up Saudi Arabia. The Ayatollah sees Saudi Arabia as a puppet of the United States, denouncing it with the same epithet he uses for us: "Great Satan."

Four months ago, in December, Khomeini struck again. Iranian-trained and -funded guerrillas staged a coup attempt in Bahrain, directly across the Gulf, an action which prompted a high-ranking Saudi official to describe Iran as "the terrorist of the Gulf." Bahrain was the turning point: any previous effort to heal the Iran/GCC wound was abandoned. The Saudis signed mutual assistance pacts with Bahrain, Qatar, and the UAE.

If Iran wins the war (as now seems likely), it will target the GCC itself, demanding not only membership in that body but dominance of it, and structural changes to Islamicize its constitution in a rigorously fundamentalist way. If that happens each of the Gulf countries will be one step closer to having its own Khomeini-esque government with all the oppression, terror, and chaos that such control implies.

Those in the United States who favor a rapprochement with Iran, arguing in high-minded fashion that we should "let bygones be bygones" (as though this were only a bilateral issue), should think again. If Iran subverts the GCC nations, we can say goodbye to a stable flow of almost three out of every five barrels of oil consumed by the West.

To preserve access to the Gulf will be a sensitive and complex challenge for U.S. foreign policy, by reason of both Arab non-alignment and Israeli fear. Arab states cultivate the non-aligned status with meticulous care on both the macro (international) and micro (domestic) levels. Kuwait is an instance in point. A tiny country which shares borders with Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and (almost) Iran, it also hosts the only Russian embassy on the Gulf (over one hundred staff personnel). Internally Kuwait must balance the ethnic interests of Kuwaiti nationals (a minority) with those of Palestinians (about 300,000), Iraqis, Iranians, Egyptians, Indians, Syrians, Lebanese, and others. Is it any wonder that neutrality here is like a jeweled gyroscope, always in motion, guarded and precious? Other Arab countries bear similarities to Kuwait in their need for external and internal equipoise.

Even though the GCC states, like other Arab nations, are incredibly ticked off at the U.S. for having armed Israel into invincibility, nevertheless they are obvious about where their true sympathies lie. Their children are educated in the U.S.A., not in the USSR. They invest their capital not in rubles but in dollars ($150 billion by the Saudis, $50 billion by the Kuwaitis).

THE ARAB position of non-alignment impels the GCC (and other Arab states) to keep fixed U.S. military installations out of the region: we can train their personnel and sell them military hardware, but no bases. The GCC would prefer not even to acknowledge the existence of fixed U.S. installations like Masirah Island, Oman, where the U.S. plans to spend $180 million on military facilities, or Manama, Bahrain, where a low-profile seventy-man American unit services the five-ship U.S. fleet that unobtrusively cruises the Gulf.

Further complicating U.S. Gulf support is Israel, as the AWACS outcry demonstrated. In somewhat monocular fashion, Israel tends to read reality in terms only of its own security, as if the Iranian threat did not justify either worry on the part of the GCC, or U.S. willingness to relieve it. But if America lets Israel dictate American policy toward friendly and moderate Arab states, will not the area become polarized, and will not the Soviets (who monitor the Gulf closely) gain influence?

To stay with this vexing problem of Gulf security and work it through appears to be in the U.S. interest. Oil-access strategy aside, embracing the Ayatollah, or yielding to ungrounded Israeli fears, would be to stab in the back a group of nations that shares our economic structures and, to a growing extent, our political philosophy. □

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As They See Things — The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

"PERCEPTION" is an in-word and an in-concept in current discussions of international affairs. It reminds me of an old English gentleman I knew who listened uncomprehendingly while a highbrow young artist talked about "space relationships." Then a beam of comprehension replaced his frown of puzzlement. "Ah," he said, "you mean 'where things are.' "

Let me just say, then, that instead of talking about different people's "perceptions" of, say, El Salvador, I shall talk about how people see the problem.

There are lots of ways of seeing it, but only two that really matter (with variants of each). One is the Reagan way, as part of the wider East-West conflict. The other is the Mitterrand/López Portillo way, as a manifestation of the North-South problem. The simple comment is this: Reagan is right and Mitterrand is wrong, and I hope to show why.

When Presidents Reagan and Mitterrand met in the White House the other day, the French leader emerged to tell the press: "Our first duty is to fight against poverty and the exploitation of human beings and the domination on the part of bloody dictatorships." This is what you might call "the Third World dimension."

Where Terrorists Strike

Now let me make myself clear: I am against poverty and I don't like bloody dictatorships. However, just for now, we are talking about how to deal with problems like El Salvador. I never cease to be amazed at the number of people, apparently intelligent, who ascribe (with every sign of sincerity) revolutionary outbreaks of the Salvador type to poverty and bloody dictatorship. The demonstrable fact is that there is no causal relationship between them.

The richest, most prosperous country in Western Europe is democratic West Germany; and not a dictator in sight. Yet for years, the Federal Republic has been at the receiving end of a vicious outbreak of terrorism conducted by a gang initially known as the Baader-Meinhof (from the names of its two top leaders, Andreas Baader and Ulrike Meinhof, now deceased).

Italy is not quite in the West German league economically, but it isn't exactly in the Salvadoran league either, and its last bloody dictator was hung (not hanged) by his feet in 1945. Yet Italy is the theater of the second most vicious outbreak of terrorism in recent world history, perpetrated by the Red Brigades. Ask General Dozier. Or the late Aldo Moro.

I know that El Salvador is in Latin America, not Western Europe. But the same principle applies. By Latin standards, Uruguay was a model democracy, a welfare state, often compared to Switzerland. Yet Uruguay was terrorized for years by a murderous gang calling themselves the Tupamaros. For that matter, Argentina—almost unsinkably prosperous by Latin American standards in the face of tearaway inflation and endemic mismanagement—was the scene of *the* worst modern outbreak of terrorism.

No, terrorism begins because terrorists want it to. If a country happens to be poor and to have a bloody dictatorship, those are plusses, to be exploited. But if the target country is rich and democratic, no matter: grievances can always be invented.

To get back to El Salvador. Readers of *NR* must have noticed how the media went on talking about the reactionary military in El Salvador after José Napoleón Duarte came back from enforced exile, as though the fact of his return in itself did not mean things were changing. (See John Kurzweil's excellent survey, *NR*, March 19.)

If you see El Salvador as a Third World problem (which it is, but not in relation to the insurgency) and if you think a peace negotiated with extremists is better at all times than a continuing struggle, with the prospect of victory, then with Presidents Mitterrand and López Portillo you will advocate negotiations and declare that elections are impossible or meaningless while a civil war is going on. On this latter point, the simple fact that a million Salvadorans turned out at the polling booths in the face of bullets and the threat of bullets was in itself a massive rejection of the rebel cause, and of the Mitterrand/López Portillo view (perception).

But there is more to it than that. People who ought to know better continue to advocate negotiations between a government and those who wish to destroy it, when it is clear that a) negotiations with extremists succeed only when the extremists get their way, and b) victory for the extremists will make things a whole lot worse for the long-suffering people in between.

In his day, the younger Mitterrand was a partisan of Algérie française. Having defeated the Algerian revolutionaries militarily, but anxious to bring the war to an end, Charles de Gaulle allowed them to get their way at the negotiating table. There was no point in negotiating on any other assumptions, and Mitterrand saw it happen.

Look at Indochina

Again, "peace" in Indochina was available to the French in 1954 and to the Americans in 1973—strictly on Communist terms. Thereby, the unfortunates of South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia exchanged relative affluence and mildly authoritarian rule for the institutionalized poverty and brutality of the new regimes (with the Cambodian massacres, the slaughter of the Meo hill peoples, and the boat people's tragedy thrown in for good measure).

Who can doubt that this is what would have happened in El Salvador if Ronald Reagan had listened to the French and Mexican presidents and leading media persons and opted for negotiations instead of elections? It could still happen, by the way, should the newly elected representatives of the Salvadoran people bow to outside pressure to negotiate with the rebels. That there *has* been poverty and oppression in El Salvador is not the question. What is at issue is why it should be supposed that allowing the rebels to take over would cure either of those ills.

A final thought. Elections in Latin America are not (putting it mildly) invariably fair and free. Yet at times they have marked the turning point. It was so in Venezuela in 1963, when the Communist insurgents failed to keep the people away from the polling booths; and again in Uruguay in 1971. History could well repeat itself this time in El Salvador. □

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THE SOFT VOICE OF AMERICA

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

THIRTY YEARS AGO, in 1953, when I had just been freed from the labor camp, I bought a radio receiver with the first money I earned. It was during my exile in Kazakhstan, and it was considered a suspicious move: why should someone in exile buy a radio? But I listened intently, through the horrendous jamming, and tried to catch some bits of information from the Western nations' Russian-language broadcasts. I got to be so expert that even if I could only catch half a sentence, I could complete it from just those few words. For twenty years I listened constantly to Russian-language broadcasts from the West. I made use of the information, rejoiced in the successes, and was deeply distressed by the mistakes.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance these broadcasts could have if they were well directed. Of course, people in the Soviet Union still listen to them, but many become disillusioned, as I did. I fear that those who determine the general tone of America's Russian-language broadcasts did not understand at the beginning, and do not understand today, the main aim and purpose of these broadcasts. The objective should be to establish mutual trust, warm feelings, and contact with the oppressed people, and thus to tear them away, to help them tear themselves away, from their Communist oppressors. If this had been done over the last thirty years, how different things might be today! I can say without exaggeration that maybe we would not be thinking that there is danger of another world war.

But this has never been understood. In recent years the quality of these broadcasts has steadily declined—the Voice of America has not been good for some time now, and Radio Liberty is getting worse, much worse.

In order to formulate correctly the general direction the broadcasts should take, at least two questions must be answered. First, what is the situation in the countries to which the broadcasts are beamed? And second, what is the condition of those oppressed peoples, what are their needs, what kind of spiritual hunger do they have? With respect to the first question, the entire West, including the United States, seems to be bewitched, doomed eternally to a false vision of the situation in Communist countries. In the Thirties—during the most dreadful time of Stalinist terror, when Stalin was exterminating many millions of people—editorials in the United States proclaimed the Soviet Union to be a country of social justice. President Roosevelt extended a helping hand to Stalin, and American businessmen rushed to provide the technological assistance without which Stalin could not have built his industrial base. And at the end of the war, America and Britain made Stalin a gift of all of Eastern Europe. It should have been understood that the Soviet rulers were enemies of their own people. But this was not understood. Since, in the West, the government is elected by the people, Westerners like to think that the government and the people are one and the same. Even in this country that is not the case, as I see when I compare the opinions of the people I live among in Vermont with the news from Washington, D.C. And then consider that these differences of outlook are nothing compared to the situation behind the Iron Curtain. In actual fact, in all Communist countries the government and the people are categorically opposed to each other. There is a gulf between them.

Failing to understand this was the great historical mistake that Roosevelt made in the Thirties and Forties. This mistake cost the Free World half of the globe—perhaps less than half in terms of territory, but more than half in population. And today the greatest danger is that the Free World's leaders will repeat Roosevelt's fatal mistake.

In fact, the same mistake *has* been repeated over and over again through the years. For instance, with Tito. Tito was the murderer, the executioner, of his people. Right after World War II, he shot hundreds of thousands of his fellow citizens. He even shot down American civilian planes near the Austrian border. All this was forgiven (and worse, forgotten), and he has been held up as a great statesman. The same error was repeated again with Cuba. It was proclaimed in the Free World that what had taken place in Cuba was a people's revolution. The same error was repeated again with North Vietnam. A totalitarian gang there seized the whole country, and American progressives proclaimed that it was a national movement for freedom. In Nicaragua, right under our nose, a totalitarian group of Communists seized power, and the Carter Administration hurried to help them financially.

This article is adapted from an interview with Representative John LeBoutillier, part of which was broadcast on NBC's Tomorrow Show. *It was translated by Julia Mansvetov.*

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The fatal historical mistake of liberalism is to see no enemy on the left, to consider that the enemy is always on the right. It is the same mistake which destroyed Russian liberalism in 1917, when the liberals overlooked the real danger, which was from Lenin. The same error—the mistake of Russian liberalism—is being repeated on a worldwide scale today.

And worst of all is China. China in the Eighties is like the Soviet Union in the Thirties; it is in need of everything. It seeks aid from America. If the U.S. provides it with technology and then with weapons, China may, for a while, serve as a safeguard against the Soviet Union, although even that is problematical. But if the U.S. arms China, China may take over the second half of the earth—that second half which includes America.

Never forget that Mao's government murdered millions —even more, probably, in proportion to the population than Stalin did. China is even more closed to foreigners than the Soviet Union. The West knows even less about it. When, thirty years from now, you read the Chinese *Gulag Archipelago*, you will be amazed: "Oh, what a pity, and we didn't know!" But you must know! You must know in time, and not when it is too late.

No matter what the Chinese rulers may say when they are looking for favors from the U.S., no Communist government ever cares about the rights, the development of its people. Communist governments are like cancerous tumors: they grow wildly and have two aims only: first, to strengthen their power, and second, to expand their boundaries. Those are the aims of the Chinese government, as they are those of the Soviet government.

Now, to go back to the second point that VOA, Radio Liberty, and the other Western broadcasters should be considering: the inner state of the people toward whom the broadcasts are directed, their spiritual hunger, their frustrations, their aspirations.

Their main need is for knowledge. Information in the Soviet papers and on Soviet television is distorted beyond recognition. Those who live in the Soviet Union know, in a general way, what is happening in the world, but they know nothing of what is going on in the neighboring town, in the neighboring county. That is why foreign broadcasts are so important for them: only from such broadcasts can they get news about themselves, about what is happening to *them*.

Not to know what is happening in and to your own country is crippling. That is why the Voice of America's self-imposed limits are so misguided. What does the average Soviet citizen know about, say, Afghanistan? Everything he hears from the government is distorted. And yet the Voice of America, which could fill this gap, has placed limits on its own best sources of information. It refrains from using rich accumulations of material because it believes that it only has the right to broadcast in a way which will not irritate the Communist leaders. For instance, the émigré anti-Communist magazine *Possev*, published in Frankfurt am Main, contains plenty of material about Afghanistan; its reporters travel to Afghanistan and meet with Afghan resistance fighters. Yet the Voice of America does not broadcast such material to the Soviet Union because it comes from a magazine which is too anti-Communist. Instead, VOA feeds its listeners second-rate gossip about what diplomats in Delhi hear third-hand. Thus, instead of effectively giving us news, VOA helps to keep us ignorant. In order not to violate State Department policy, it gives us a stone in place of bread.

Here is another example: a major rebellion took place in Novocherkassk in 1962, but for over ten years there was not a word about it on Western radio broadcasts—not one! Either the broadcasters did not know about the revolt or it was not reported in "sufficiently proven" sources. If the broadcasters do not have documentary proof, they can't report on rebellions. And so it was not until ten years later that we heard from Western broadcasts about our own great rebellion in Novocherkassk.

Here is still another example drawn from my personal experience. In December 1973, when I was still in the Soviet Union, *The Gulag Archipelago* was published in the West. VOA—or, rather, one VOA announcer—read an excerpt from *Gulag* on the air. Immediately, Radio Moscow started screaming that VOA had no right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Soviet Union, that the broadcast had fouled the international atmosphere. And what did VOA do? With the agreement of the State Department, it took the announcer off that assignment and forbade the reading of

If during the past thirty years the Western broadcasts had helped our people remember who they were, the world situation today would be different

The Gulag Archipelago to Russia! More, for several years it was forbidden to quote Solzhenitsyn on VOA, so as not to discredit Communist propaganda. My book was written for Russians. Millions of copies were read in the West, but it could not be read to our Motherland!

But the Western broadcasters should be considering not only what the people of the Soviet Union know and don't know, but also what their concrete situation is. For 65 years, Soviet citizens have been working for a pittance. For 65 years, both the mother and the father in a family have worked, but their combined earnings are insufficient to support the family. They are never paid more than 10 or 20 per cent of what their work is worth. All the rest is taken by the government in order to produce weapons. Several generations of my people have gone hungry. We may even be approaching physical degeneration. We are poisoned with alcohol. Women are carrying a load which men could not manage, a double load as workers both inside and outside the home. Our birthrate has fallen sharply, and infant mortality has risen.

We are poisoned both physically and morally. Poisoned physically by military manufacturing that is carried out without any protection of the surrounding environment—there is no control of water or air pollution. And poisoned morally because for 65 years we have been inculcated with Communist lies.

This combination of poisons has brought my people to a

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state close to spiritual and physical death. All memory of our past, our history, and especially the history of the last century has been wiped out. The history of the last century is particularly dangerous for the Communists, because that history is their enemy. The Communists are systematically destroying all traces of the truth, so that soon we won't know anything about ourselves. I would compare this to when, in Stalinist times, the father and the mother of a family were both arrested, the children sent to an orphanage, and their last names changed so that they never knew whose children they were, what their origins were, what their past was.

Our people are in the same situation. They are deprived of any memories about themselves. Or they are like someone lying in bed, dying; and the American radio broadcasts are like a visitor—not a doctor, but a visitor—who comes in very self-satisfied, cheerful, beautifully dressed, and sits down, and says: "Now I will entertain you. Now I will tell you how I dress, how many suits I have, what a wonderful apartment I have, what I recently bought, how much money I save, what a good time I have. Do you want me to do a little dance for you?" And the visitor begins to do various dances in front of him.

That's how radio broadcasts to the Soviet Union are run today. They give us nothing to slake our spiritual hunger. Instead, a foreign voice reads us propaganda lectures on how to understand the world. Granted, these lectures come not from a Communist point of view but from a liberal democratic one. But after 65 years *all* propaganda has become repulsive to us.

That's just one aspect. It is the most important aspect for our people; but there is another side, the one that is most important for America. These broadcasts give a picture which does not correspond to the spiritual life of the American people. They speak of trite, superficial things, so that our people have a lower opinion of Americans than Americans deserve.

VOA broadcasts are full of frivolity. For instance, there are three different jazz programs, a program of pop music, a program of dance music, and then a youth program on which all of these are repeated. This is such a mistake. Perhaps those interested in jazz may turn on their radio five minutes earlier or turn it off five minutes later and in this way happen to hear something besides jazz. But the point is, we don't need VOA jazz programs, which are jammed, because our jazz fans have at their disposal jazz programs from the rest of the world, which no one jams. They can hear these programs perfectly. So VOA does not attract listeners that way; all it does is waste valuable air-time.

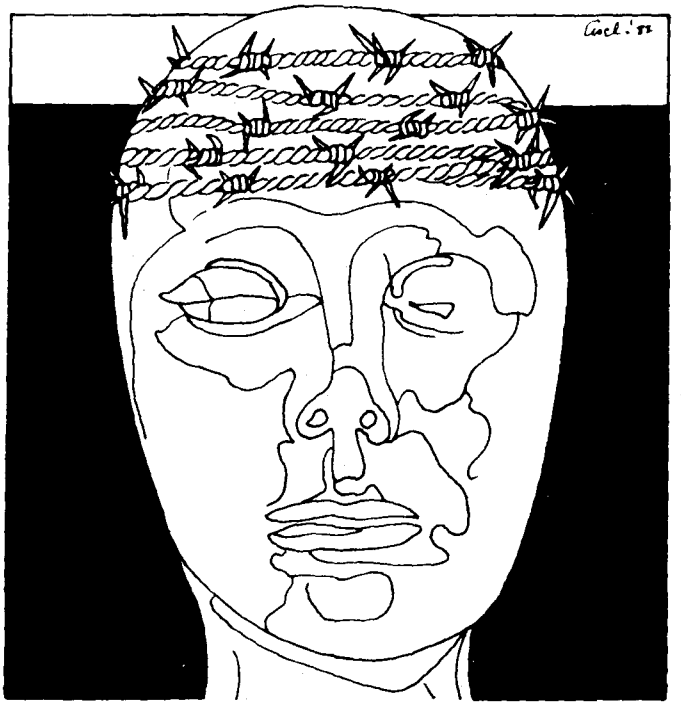
Or consider sports. With great solemnity VOA broadcasts programs on sports. But sports are a favorite subject of Soviet radio. It is the only interest which Soviet radio willingly fosters in our youth—because, in the Soviet Union, sports act as the opium of the people. They divert young people from thinking about their situation, about their history, and about politics—something the Western broadcasts should not be encouraging. Even worse, the stations find time to broadcast about hobbies. These programs repel and anger the Soviet listener and make him turn off the radio; he feels only contempt for a broadcast that tells him how people with lots of time at their disposal collect empty bottles, or labels from something or another. Or he is told, in great detail, about the conveniences of international travel—information of no conceivable use to him—when the time could be spent on subjects of value to him such as history and religion.

To sum up: Radio broadcasts from the United States do not give our people the spiritual help they need. That's one point. Secondly, the broadcasts present Americans as more trivial and less significant than they really are, i.e., they are doing America harm. And, thirdly, the stations limit even simple information about current events. In matters of foreign policy, they are overly scrupulous about sources, as witness the case of Afghanistan. So far as the internal situation in the Soviet Union is concerned, the broadcasts concentrate on material provided by dissidents in Moscow. If tomorrow the dissident movement should be destroyed, that source of information would be lost altogether.

But there are great fields of information about the Soviet Union of which Soviet citizens need to hear, and which the American broadcasters either do not have or do not wish to use. Instead, there is wide coverage on Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union. Half-hour after half-hour is spent on interviews with recent émigrés: how they like America; how they have found work; how much they earn; how they have furnished their houses. Not that there is anything wrong with this. But it is given disproportionate emphasis, and it replaces needed information about the situation within the Soviet Union. And what feeling does it arouse in the Soviet listener? Irritation. Most Soviet citizens cannot emigrate to the West. Only a certain number of Jews can. Why then boast about how well they are doing? It is tactless.

Our people want to be told about our workers, how they fare in our country, but the broadcasts do not speak of that. What is the situation of our peasantry? There is never a broadcast on that subject. The situation in the provinces? The cruel conditions of service in the army? People in the army listen to the broadcasts—there are many shortwave sets there. But nothing is ever broadcast about any of these situations.

The Soviet worker, the peasant, the soldier—all live under dreadful pressure, but their stories remain untold. Such in-



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formation is widely available in the émigré press, and it could be broadcast to the USSR without much effort. But to do so would violate State Department policy. The Soviet rulers might get angry at the State Department and refuse to buy from the U.S. the modern electronics without which they cannot live.

The greatest spiritual need of our people is to become aware of themselves. If during the past thirty years the Western broadcasts had helped our people remember who they were, helped them to rise spiritually to their feet, the entire world situation would be different. Our recent history has been trampled and distorted beyond recognition;

Paradoxically, American broadcasts tend to help the Communists. The Communists fight to root out our memory of history and U.S. broadcasts do the same

everything we hear is saturated with propaganda. It is hard for Americans to imagine such ignorance. The average Soviet citizen in essence knows nothing: what were the causes of the Revolution; how it occurred, and how the Bolsheviks took it over and instituted totalitarian rule; what people's movements there were against the Bolsheviks, and how they were suppressed; how our peasantry and our working class were destroyed by terrorist means. We need to know the truth about all this. If such knowledge were given us, we would—both civilian and soldier—become spiritually free of our government.

However, programming at VOA and Radio Liberty is now mostly in the hands of ideologues who are operating under the influence of myths, of false beliefs about Russia. And at the root of these myths we find Karl Marx. Marx claimed that the Russian people were "reactionary." And from that claim it followed that all of Russian history was "reactionary"—the monarchy was "reactionary," Russian traditions were "reactionary," most Russian leaders were "reactionary," even our Orthodox religion was "reactionary." So what do the ideologues do? They shoot down two-thirds of our historical figures for fear that they might be called "reactionary." If some American journalist—just one—or some second-rate scholar has ever said about a Russian that he was "reactionary," then that Russian is eliminated from history: he no longer exists.

In this way, paradoxically, American broadcasts tend to help the Communists. The Communists fight to root out our memory of our history, and U.S. broadcasts do the same. Consider a recent example: Last September was the seventieth anniversary of the death—actually the murder—of the greatest Russian statesman of the twentieth century, Prime Minister Stolypin (1862-1911). In the five years prior to his death, Stolypin had succeeded in pulling Russia out of complete chaos and disintegration into a state of prosperity. The act of his murder inaugurated the great terror of the twentieth century. Yet both Radio Liberty and the Voice of America killed anniversary broadcasts on Stolypin. A fine broadcast had been prepared at Radio Liberty; it was dropped without discussion or explanation. The Voice of America had prepared an eight-minute reading from my chapter on Stolypin. The broadcast had already been announced, but it too was killed. These parallel actions show that there is no question of different administrators making independent decisions—there is an ideology that dominates the direction taken by both stations. No matter where one locates Stolypin—some consider him a liberal, others a conservative—he was a great Russian statesman, and I would like to underline the amazing fact that both American radio stations, independently of each other, censored their broadcasts in advance, even though their listeners had been told that the broadcasts would take place.

Consider a final example of the kind of self-censorship which prevents Radio Liberty and the Voice of America from satisfying the spiritual needs of their audience. Russian Orthodoxy, during the past 65 years, has suffered its own Golgotha. Constant efforts have been made to destroy Christianity in Russia, to root it completely out of memory and heart. That is the consistent policy of the Soviet government, and it has resulted in tens of millions of people not being able to go to church. Many live three hundred miles from the nearest church, i.e., they can have a child christened, but they cannot attend church regularly. American broadcasts once again could help fill this gap: they could carry services, mark Christian holidays, explain the divine services and Christian terminology, especially to children, who are almost totally deprived of religion in the USSR. Communist power seeks to deprive us of religion; and American

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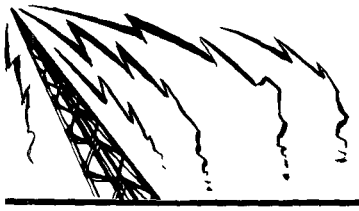
radio broadcasts, directed by ideologues who accept the stupid premise that Russian Christianity is "reactionary," follow the Communists' lead.

For thirty years the broadcasts have avoided any encouragement to Russian Orthodoxy to rise up and become an organized social power in Russia. I don't know anything about the American Polish-language broadcasts. I hope they have been excellent. I hope they have supported Polish Catholicism, strengthened it. But for the Russian people, the broadcasts ignore religion; it is as if they deliberately seek to avoid encouraging us to find strength in the Church, to create such religious unification as exists in Poland.

The year 1981 saw a sharp turn for the worse in Radio Liberty. I will say nothing about the 15 other languages in which Radio Liberty broadcasts, which I do not know. But the programs in Russian have degenerated to such an extent that, if they continue as they are going, it would be better to do away with them altogether.

Still, there is a Latin proverb that goes, "*Dum spiro, spero*"—where there's life, there's hope. Thirty years have gone by, but that does not mean that we should not begin again today. We do not know how much time history will give us, and maybe it is still possible to accomplish much if the Reagan Administration actively undertakes to improve U.S. broadcasts. I am not speaking about an increase in the budget, but about a fundamental change in direction. I have said much that needed to be said. The rest is in the hands of your Administration. □



Richard Brookhiser

ON THE RIGHT-HAND side of the Mall, as you approach the Capitol, lies a squat, characterless building, indistinguishable from its squat fellows, which houses the main offices of the Voice of America. For a few days last fall, the Voice figured luridly in news stories and on the editorial pages of the larger newspapers. A senator fumed and Herblock drew a cartoon. The brouhaha was quickly tamped down, however, and last month Philip Nicolaides, the Reagan appointee who had stimulated it, was released from the Voice's parent agency. The Voice receded from the consciousness of the people for whom it speaks.

It does not deserve this neglect. The Voice of America is one of the largest radio stations in the world. Its 101 transmitters are scattered around the globe, from Liberia to Sri Lanka to Greenville, North Carolina. It broadcasts in 39 languages, from Albanian to Vietnamese, and is heard by as many people in the Soviet Union as read *Pravda* (the Soviets spend more money on jamming VOA than America spends on broadcasting it). The recent events at the Voice were more than an episode in the career of one man; they form a chapter in the endless—and, it sometimes seems, endlessly futile—attempts of Republican Presidents and their supporters to have some influence on their own Administration; they illuminate, from yet another angle, the prejudices of the media, and they raise questions about American strategy—or non-strategy.

The Voice of America first went on the air a month and a half after Pearl Harbor. Eight years after the war's end, Congress placed it within the newly created United States Information Agency—now the U.S. International Communication Agency—where it remains today. (Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe are entirely distinct entities, never associated with the Voice, and overseen by the Board of International Broadcasting.) The mission of the Voice—or as much mission as Congress ever saw fit to commit to paper—was spelled out in its Charter: since "the long-range interests of the United States are served by communicating directly with the people of the world by radio," the Voice is enjoined to "serve as a consistently reliable and authoritative source of news"; to "present a balanced and comprehensive projection of significant American thought and institutions"; and to "present the policies of the United States" along with "responsible discussion . . . on these policies."

These injunctions were not Delphic, but they were not exhaustive in their precision either, and over the years there has been a fair amount of hauling and tugging. John Chancellor, Voice Director in the mid-Sixties, observed that "the Voice has been placed at the intersection of journalism and diplomacy." Diplomacy required it, on one famous occasion, to lie: the Voice denied, in 1961, that Washington had anything to do with the Bay of Pigs invasion. There have been acts of omission as well. In 1975, the Voice was urged to withhold for 48 hours the news that Saigon was doomed, in the interests of averting a panic.

Throughout the Seventies, the tidal pull of detente gave rise to numerous flows and eddies. When Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn received the Nobel Prize, the strongest anti-Communist passages in his acceptance speech were blue-penciled from the Voice's account. The prevailing view at the Voice to this day is that he is discredited, generally unpopular, heeded only by small groups of intellectuals. Also a little dull: "He says the same things all the time," one newsroom veteran paraphrased the conventional wisdom. "We can't bug the Soviets about it." In 1978, the Voice edited its own Warsaw correspondent. A poet, addressing a meeting of the Polish Writers' Congress, had denounced the censorship enveloping the Katyn Forest Massacre. It was a remarkable story, a premonition of the spirit of Solidarity, and the reporter got all of it. But the account as finally broadcast omitted all the poet's references to the Soviet Union.

The fact is that different Voice employees have always tended to interpret the Charter in different ways. "The Voice is two radio networks," is how one employee expressed it to me—an English-language one, centered in news and programming, from which most of the scripts emanate; and a foreign-language conglomerate, comprising all the translators and broadcasters responsible for actually reaching the Voice's non-English-speaking listeners. To these two networks, there is added a small diplomatic corps—Foreign

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hel!!!!

"Oh, that *is the god of the IRS.*"

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MacArthur's Monster

See the Japanese at work
  Like a hill of ants;
Watch the workers push and pull
  For their commandants.
See them exercise on breaks
  As they all pursue
Winning what their countrymen
  Lost, in World War II.

W. H. VON DREELE

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
FOR TAX INFORMATION GO TO AISLES 3B AND/OR 6C. DIVIDE NUMBER ON POSTS 7W AND 8R BY 9036. RESULT WILL BE THE CORRECT AISLE NUMBER.
Jauregui

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Service Officers (FSOs) who fill various posts, including the top slots in many of the language services.

The English copywriters are overwhelmingly American-born and universally better paid. Their byword—or buzz word—is "professional," and their fondest memory is Watergate (VOA told the whole story; the Soviet Union downplayed it). In fact, they have all the ambitions and preconceptions of private-sector American newsmen, whose peers they feel they are. They want to be "an international CBS," a veteran of the European division told me. "We are not spokesmen for the United States," William Haratunian, acting director during the Carter-Reagan transition, declared to the *Washington Post Magazine* last summer. The planted assumption here is that no one could simultaneously be a spokesman for the United States and a professional; so every effort must be made to avoid the least semblance of spokesmanship. "When Brezhnev's talking against us," a former newsroom employee said, "we carry the whole speech. When we talk against them, we give one or two lines."

If professionalism in practice seems to resemble liberalism, that is because it often is liberalism. "Probably around

Should the Administration stay in neutral, then the Voice will continue, doing what radio stations do at home—selling America by random show-and-tell

85 to 90 per cent of the people in the central newsroom are Democrats," a foreign-language broadcaster, himself a Republican, guesses. "Any senator is well covered by us if he is a Democrat," another employee offered, "very seldom if he is a Republican." The three-part treatment given to Reagan's State of the Union address, in February 1981, was suggestive. Part one, outlining the proposals, focused entirely on the "sharp cuts"—in "food for the needy," "free school lunches," "research and development of solar energy," "passenger-train service." Part two, domestic reactions, led off with the Congressional Black Caucus, dwelled at length on the AFL-CIO, and closed with a brief paragraph of praise from "business leaders" and "bankers." Part three gave the foreign reaction, ending with TASS. Taxes were mentioned twice, both times in passing; inflation, only once. Occasionally, the newsroom gets complaints about this kind of thing, but these are easily deflected. "If there was a congressman showing interest," a former newsroom employee explained, a new version of a story might be prepared and distributed. "Maybe it never ran—but the books showed it had been carried."

The employees in the foreign-language services tend to be foreign-born. They are permitted, by law, to rise as high in the government pay scale as GS-13 (newsroom employees may rise to GS-15). As the native Americans are liberal, so the naturalized Americans are conservative. The same Voice employee who estimated the percentage of Democrats in the newsroom pegged Republicans in the foreign-language services at 80 per cent. But their main rallying cry is topicality, not politics. They are obliged, with few exceptions, to use the news and features passed to them from the central ganglion, and the choices—a 22-part series on crime in America, sweaty excerpts from Albert Goldman's *Elvis*—often strike them as irrelevant or bizarre. Also parochial: on January 13 of this year, a Solidarity leader who had endorsed the coup reneged. But the top three stories the next day, for every language, were the Air Florida plane crash, the bad winter weather, and the DC Metro crash.

The Foreign Service Officers, the diplomacy half of Chancellor's intersection, typically stay at the Voice for two- or three-year stints. The rotation is supposed to guarantee a continuous infusion of people with recent foreign experience; it also means that in the context of their own careers the FSOs are marking time—thus reinforcing the natural diplomatic instinct to ruffle no feathers. The occurrence or non-occurrence of some Voice-caused eruption can mean the difference between a post in Ouagadougou and a post in Paris. "Just as they pour tea in their embassies," said one non-FSO, "they want us to pour tea over the air."

Coexistence among the three groups is seldom peaceful. Occasionally, the diplomats and the newsroom Woodsteins come to blows, especially whenever there is talk of pulling the Voice under the control of the State Department. But their interests for the most part broadly intersect—the newsroom wants warts-and-all stories about America, the diplomats want no-warts stories about the rest of the world—and they are natural allies in the common face-off with the foreign-language broadcasters. The key word here is "émigré," suggesting as it does thick accents and soirées spent in the company of deteriorating archdukes. Any reporter covering Voice affairs who uses it is sure to have been coached by newsroom or Foreign Service sources. For the former, "émigré" means the culturally benighted, not raised in the traditions of Milton, Zenger, and Dan Rather; for the latter, it means axe-grinding conspirators, fresh from the cellars and coffeehouses, eager to involve us in dark Balkan plots. The foreign-language broadcasters, meanwhile, continue to wonder what Elvis's pelvis can mean to Cambodians.

Reagan picked Charles Z. Wick, an entertainment and real-estate millionaire and a personal friend, to be head of the USICA. Wick's and Reagan's choice for Director of the Voice was James B. Conkling, founder and president of Warner Brothers Records.

The new team got off to an exciting start. In August, the National Security Council chewed out the Voice for giving American airtime to Georgi Arbatov, whose main job, as head of the Institute of U.S. and Canadian Studies in Moscow, is to figure out how to destroy America. (The Voice had replayed an interview taped by National Public Radio.) That same week, Voice newscasts referred to the Afghan resistance as "anti-government guerrillas."

Conkling, who was of a mind to take up the complaints, had not reckoned with the bureaucratic skills of his subordinates. When he asked who had been involved in the Arbatov boner, his Acting Program Manager told him the question smacked of McCarthyism. A fortnight later, the staff counter-attacked. Conkling agreed to an interview with an in-house newsletter. Rambling and candid, the text

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yielded to patient sifters such nuggets as, "I don't know if we're addressing our goals right, because I don't know exactly what our goals are . . . I'm thinking about it." Two days later (surprise, surprise!) the *Baltimore Sun* ran a blast against Reagan's VOA, citing the Conkling interview.

It was the *Sun* hatchet job and Conkling's ensuing displeasure which brought Philip Nicolaides into the picture. Nicolaides had had experience with radio broadcasting in Houston, and with TV documentaries, and he had come to the USICA in early August. The higher-ups now suggested that he and Conkling get together to try to put the criticisms into perspective. Nicolaides put his thoughts into a ten-page memorandum to Conkling.

The tinder was now in place. Criticism of the Voice continued throughout the fall. Then, early in October, a reading of a short passage from *October 1916*, Solzhenitsyn's work-in-progress, was edited out of the Russian-language "World of Books" program, on the orders of the FSO in charge; Russian listeners heard Joyce Carol Oates instead. Representatives John LeBoutillier and Toby Roth gave public talks in Washington, attacking the Voice's programming. On November 10, the USICA announced three new Voice appointments: Nicolaides was the new Deputy Director for Commentary and Analysis.

Three days later, the *Washington Post* ran a story based on a purloined copy of Nicolaides's memo to Conkling. "Why," Nicolaides had asked, do "we ask the taxpayer to subsidize a global radio network?"

> [Senator] Fulbright scoffed at the VOA as a "relic of the cold war." In a sense he was right. The justification for such an enterprise diminishes to the degree that we live in a world of friendly nations posing no threat to us. In such a world most of the functions of the USICA in general and the VOA in particular would be nugatory or redundant . . .
>
> We have, in fact, been in a state of "protracted conflict" with the Soviet Empire since the end of World War II. . . . To put it quite bluntly, the USICA is justified because it is (or should be) the primary psychological arm in a global struggle against a powerful, determined, implacable foe—bent on "burying" our system, as one of its more candid leaders confessed.

There had followed five pages of suggested guidelines and specific recommendations.

> We must portray the Soviet Union as the last great predatory empire on earth. . . . We must strive to "destabilize" the Soviet Union and its satellites by promoting disaffection between peoples and rulers. . . . We should fan the flames of nationalism . . . encourage religious revivals behind the Iron Curtain. . . . Our news *should* be factually accurate. But we need not expatiate endlessly on stories which tend to put us or our allies in a bad light while glossing over stories which discredit the leadership of Communist nations. Given the editorial choice of telling Bulgarians about another U.S. auto-recall announcement or another crop failure in the Ukraine, we should not hesitate to blue-pencil the Detroit story.

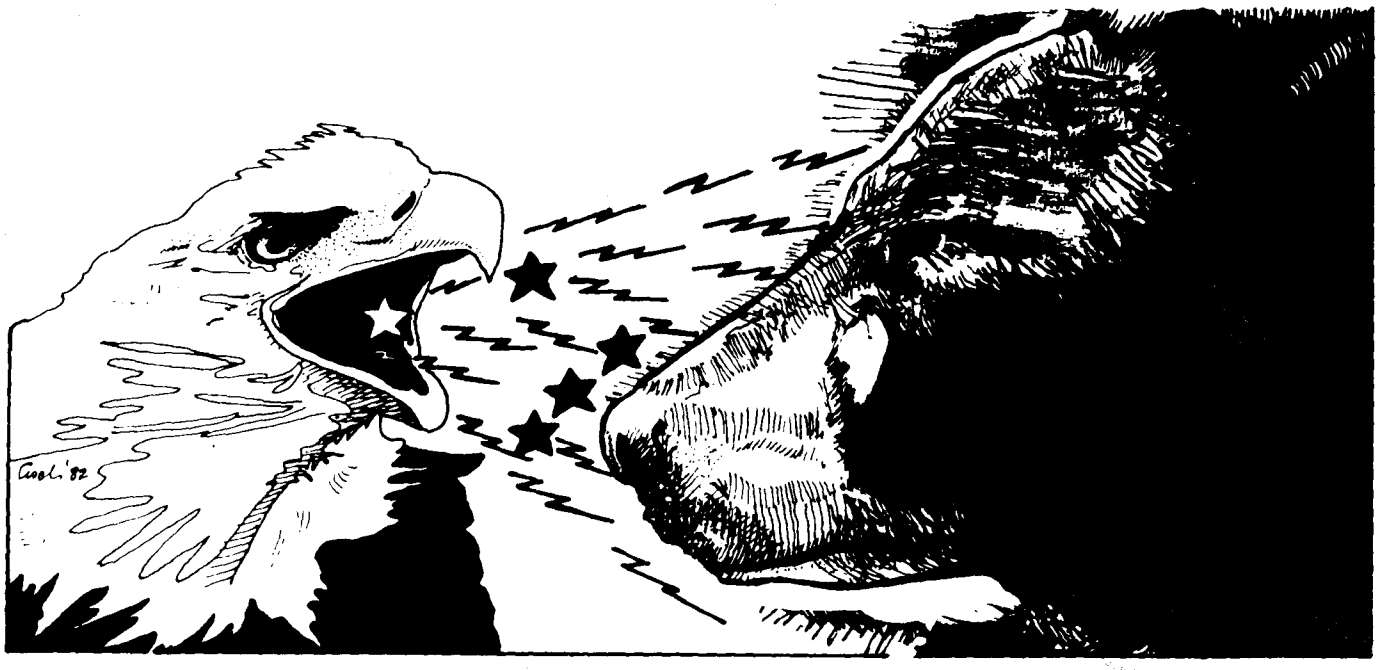
But most newsworthy, in the *Post*'s judgment, were Nicolaides's preliminary definitions.

> Diplomacy is primarily an effort at persuasion aimed at a small number of government officials, carried on with great tact, usually behind the scenes. . . . Advertising involves the persuasion of large numbers of people—chiefly through mass media. . . . Propaganda is a species of the genus advertising: i.e., advertising in the service of a government. . . . In fact we are—as all the world understands—a propaganda agency.

PROPAGANDA ROLE URGED FOR VOICE OF AMERICA, was the *Post*'s page-one headline.

All week long, the dead cats flew. The Society of Professional Journalists passed a resolution "condemn[ing] any effort to politicize" the Voice. The *Post* warned the Voice against "imitating Radio Moscow." Senator Charles Percy was "deeply alarmed." Herblock was—the usual.

Reagan's appointees dropped Nicolaides like a hot rock. He was not fired, and indeed he moved physically into the Voice's offices at the end of November. But Conkling had stressed, in a post-*Post* news conference, that he would "not have great policy influence"; and for the next month and a half, Nicolaides led the ghostly, after-life sort of existence of a bureaucratic non-person. It took three days for a typewriter to appear in his office; there never was a secretary or a coat hanger. No one reported to him, and only



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one of the commentaries he wrote—a Christmas Eve piece on Poland—was broadcast. A former USICA employee, working in another part of the government, thought to call Nicolaides about going back to the Voice. "Don't approach him," a friend at the Voice advised. "He's finished."

On January 13, Nicolaides moved back to the USICA building on Pennsylvania Avenue, from one idleness to another. At the CPAC conference in March, LeBoutillier attacked the Voice's wimpiness and suggested that Nicolaides replace Conkling. Too much, too late. The USICA finally extruded its notorious employee on March 12. James Conkling resigned a week later: "I have been in the private sector too many years to be able to understand the different ways of government workings." Conkling's replacement will be John Hughes, now Associate Director of Programs for the USICA: a former editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* and winner, in 1967, of a Pulitzer Prize for reporting on the Indonesian coup. Any opinions on the Nicolaides memorandum? the *New York Times* asked. "It is a closed chapter," Hughes answered. "I want to start with a clean slate."

So, what is the Voice for, anyway? It is an academic question, since whatever chance there was of raising it in any substantive way was squandered in the bungled *affaire Nicolaides*. The Administration could always create a second chance, but only at the cost of the sort of sustained political effort which it has so far been unwilling to make.

If the Reagan Administration stays in neutral, then the Voice will continue, doing abroad what radio stations do at home—selling America by random show-and-tell; CBS Goes to Bucharest. In many parts of the world, this will be harmless, though as Nicolaides pointed out it is also redundant and unnecessary. T. S. Eliot, Coca-Cola, and rock-'n'-roll, America's three great cultural exports of this century, all made their way without a boost from Uncle Sam.

But in other parts of the world—Bucharest, for instance—the situation is different. It has been the premise of our grand strategy, roughly since George Kennan's "Mr. X" article, that the Soviet Union is an enemy, potentially dangerous, which will, however, collapse of its own weight, provided we respond to its aggression in appropriate ways—containment prescribing "hard" responses, detente "soft" ones. James Burnham argued thirty years ago that the strategy was flawed. But even assuming it is not, is there anything in the strategy itself which prevents us from helping the collapse along? We fear the Soviet empire, and expect "history"—which can only mean, the people of the empire—to remove the cause of our fear. We proved, in 1956, that we would not give those people material help. The lesson stuck; neither Dubcek nor Walesa expected or wanted it. But what debars us from offering intellectual help: facts, news, opinions, relevant discussion—a Lend-Lease of the mind?

The Voice of America should not be in the vanguard of such an effort. Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe exist for that purpose. (Radio Martí is on the way, and, in the private sector, Vladimir Bukovsky has proposed a Radio Free Kabul, broadcasting to Russian conscripts in Afghanistan.) But a Voice which speaks in the idiom of the evening news and the embassy reception is good for nothing. People risk their lives to listen to the Voice of America; they don't want to hear Bill Moyers, prompted by George Ball.

Supporters of the Voice's status quo often seize on the BBC as a stick for beating conservative critics. The BBC, they say, achieved its respected position, and holds it, by pure objectivity. True enough today, perhaps. It is also true that, since the Suez fiasco, the BBC's masters have not had a foreign policy which anyone particularly needed to care about. When they did, in World War II, while Britain stood alone, the BBC was honest, but never "objective." Those who disagreed with British policy frothed at the BBC, George Orwell calling it a "whoreshop and a lunatic asylum." To his credit, Orwell also acknowledged that the goals he and the government held in common outweighed their differences.

After he defected, former Polish Ambassador Romuald Spasowski recalled building a secret radio during World War II to listen to the BBC, the Beethoven "V" signal giving him a feeling of hope. Today, the Ambassador went on, a similar war is being fought over the airwaves, not a war of weapons, but of information and thought, a war which the forces of freedom must win.

There is a programming option, at least as compelling as the DC Metro crash. □

Glorobots

A man who had been a gourmet
Used to plug in his robot and say,
"Now try not to bolt
Your vintage of volt,
But sip it to taste the bouquet."

A Soviet robot confessed
His treatment was not of the best,
So he willfully broke,
And the Communists spoke
Of him as "a defect to the West."

The robot did not have myalgia
Or any known kind of neuralgia,
But his recall was such
He remembered too much
And suffered from chronic nostalgia.

The teacher's old influence fades
Since teaching machines became aides,
And kiddies bring treats
Of apples and sweets
To the robot computing the grades.

GLORIA A. MAXSON

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A MODEST PROPOSAL

A Dime for a Dollar

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THEY LOOK SO sedately assured, those coins on the picture page of my old *Webster's International Dictionary*, so aware of their place in a world of fixed values, sterling in fact as well as in character. Elegant, too—the Japanese fifty-sen's radiant chrysanthemum; the Italian lira with its crowned and splendid eagle; the large five-peseta piece displaying the Spanish coat-of-arms; Marianne in her liberty cap sowing a field of wheat against a rising sun on the French two-franc coin. And there is the deeply incised Indian head on the American gold half-eagle. On my birthdays long ago my Aunt Amy used to give me such a half-eagle in a little velvet-lined box.

That was when the dollar was golden, and Saint-Gaudens's double-eagle—perhaps the most beautiful coin ever minted—was worth just $20 instead of 25 times that amount. Even against the desiccated dollar, those other values, recalled so nostalgically on the pages of the old *Webster*, have faded away. The Japanese yen was then worth fifty cents; now it takes 118 of them to buy one of our copper-lined fifty-cent pieces. Lire, francs, pesetas were all worth a standard twenty cents. Those five-pesetas, how a few of them weighed down one's pocket! And today a peseta is worth about a cent. As for the lira, on its way to emulating the post-World War I German mark, it is now worth one-236th of its former silver self.

Is it a symbol of malaise or a cause of malaise when the currency goes? That was a question I sometimes asked myself two years after World War II when I was living in Paris. At that time the franc had reached one-hundredth of its 1914 value. In 1948 a franc bought what a centime had bought a third of a century before. Then the French government lopped two zeroes off the old franc notes and issued a new currency of the approximate worth of the 1914 franc. For a year or so the old and new currencies circulated interchangeably at their respective values before the hundred-fold franc was withdrawn.

I thought of the French decapitation recently when my daughter, Sara, asked me for a half-dollar to buy an ice-cream cone. When I was her age they had cost a nickel. That ice-cream cone seemed to me, in map-reading terms, a conventional sign. So many things, large and small, in the United States have come to cost about ten times what they did prior to World War II. Books that sold for two or three dollars are now twenty or over. Autos that could once be bought for $700 or $800 have now reached $8,000 or $10,000. Tuition at Harvard in my father's day (1902) was $125. When I was a graduate student in the Thirties it was $400. The last I heard it was about $10,000. Our old house in Wellesley, a small six-room house on a side street in a quiet Boston suburb, sold in 1938 for $8,500. Recently it changed hands for $88,000. In the later Thirties, I worked briefly in a Maine paper mill at the then minimum wage of 37 cents an hour, a tenth of today's minimum wage.

SO IT GOES with so much, from houses and autos to magazines, newspapers, streetcar and bus fares, wages, and finally such incidentals as ice-cream cones. What it means is that 90 per cent of the purchasing power of our currency has eroded away since the time when Franklin Roosevelt decided that "a little inflation might be a good thing."

What does the good thing add up to a generation later? By and large, it adds up to a general distrust of the currency, a dollar regarded with suspicion, to be spent before it erodes, not worth the saving. One can see the mood reflected in the prices at Christie's and Sotheby Parke Bernet as well as in the interest rates; but at a homely level one can also see it in the prices people pay for jerry goods at the weekly auction in my little Cape Cod town. Indicative of the untoward condition of the currency is the Susan B. Anthony dollar, cupronickel, about the size of a quarter, lopsided, ugly, and held in contempt. Meanwhile the old silver-dollar cartwheels sell for $15 and up. Bryan would have mankind not be crucified upon a cross of gold. His successors would bury mankind under paper.

At this point in time, when the dollar buys about a tenth of what it did, my modest proposal is to take French leave of the present dollar and issue a new currency interchangeable with the old at the rate of one new dollar for ten old ones. In a practical sense it would be a matter of bookkeeping, of eliminating a zero to make 100¢ become 10¢. Nothing really loses or gains in value. No one is out of pocket. Merely the symbols change. But the psychological effect of such a new or renewed currency would be large.

A one-to-ten dollar would re-establish the old coinage. Once again we might have silver coins that the Treasury might mint at a profit. Once again a cent might have its own small value. Once again people could start thinking in dimes and quarters and half-dollars, coins that would buy things. And the national debt, now reaching a trillion, would become a hundred billion solid dollars, bad enough but still a comprehensible figure.

Such a revaluation would be an instructive demonstration of what government policy, or the lack of it, has done to the dollar over a generation. Once the public is made so tellingly aware that nine-tenths of the dollar's value has been frivoled away, there will be a strong emotional commitment not to let such fiscal follies occur again. Though governments are the cause of inflation, a subsidiary cause is the public's expectation of more inflation to come. As to the gold base of such a new currency, I am not economist enough to be dogmatic. Possibly the old $20 double-eagle could be replaced by one that corresponded to the current rate for gold. A subsidiary benefit of the change would be the elimination of billions of irredeemable black dollars, hot money illegitimately acquired.

Bruce Catton in his reminiscences related how as a boy he had once found a quarter. For him it was a treasure in the multiple possibilities of what he

(Continues on page 504)

Mr. Russell is a longtime contributing editor of NR *and a Fellow of the Society of American Historians.*

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Heading for the Wire

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

AFTER THE conservative election victories, first in Britain and then in the United States, it was not only the party-politician enemies of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan who withdrew, temporarily, to lick their wounds and regroup. So did the intellectual opponents of conservatism, the liberals who, having dominated the scene for so long, were incredulous and resentful over what had happened. Now they have re-emerged in full voice.

Their opportunity would have come even if Thatcherite and Reaganite economics had proved more plainly successful than appearances so far suggest. Inflation cannot be checked without a transitional increase of unemployment. The burden of over-government cannot be reduced without depriving quite a lot of people of expected benefits.

To these inevitable discontents have been added the disillusionment, or at least the anxiety, of some conservatives. Both Milton Friedman and F. A. Hayek have expressed concern over Mrs. Thatcher's failure to implement more than a small part of the economic prescription—basically their prescription—which she was supposed to be following. They are justifiably afraid that "monetarism" (which has become a bogey-word in the liberal vocabulary) may be discredited without ever having been tried.

Mrs. Thatcher's government is accused of ignoring the plight of the unemployed because of an "obsession" with limiting the money supply: but the truth is that the money supply has continued to veer wildly out of control, causing the more sophisticated Keynesians to jeer. "Savage cuts" are said to have been inflicted on the social services: but the total amount of public spending has continued to rise. While private industry has been severely squeezed and has become significantly more efficient as a result, the nationalized monopolies have been allowed to pass on inflated wage costs to their captive customers. The rate of inflation is coming down—but very slowly. Output, having fallen heavily, may be about to improve—but the fruits have not yet appeared.

Of course, many of Britain's difficulties merely reflect the world recession, and if the impact seems worse in Britain than elsewhere, the fault lies not with anything Mrs. Thatcher's government has done or failed to do but with deep-seated inefficiencies which successive governments have condoned. Some of these inefficiencies are actually being squeezed out by the recession and by a political mood less inclined to appease the unions at all costs. Meanwhile, however, the result of the government's policies can easily be presented as an economic wasteland.

Opposition to those policies comes not only from socialists and self-confessed liberals but from some of Mrs. Thatcher's own uneasy followers—including the so-called "Wets" inside her Cabinet. Her dispossessed predecessor, Edward Heath, loses no opportunity of attacking her by implication, her policies openly, and the Reagan Administration as a roundabout way of attacking her again. The Duke of Devonshire, who served in Harold Macmillan's government but whose family has traditionally been Whig or Liberal, has just defected to the new Social Democratic Party, saying that the government's economic policies are "double-Dutch" to him. Several recent articles in the British press have claimed that Franklin D. Roosevelt was a "genuine conservative," as distinct from the spurious Thatcherite or Reaganite brand.

Dickinson, *Punch* Rothco

"I've had impure thoughts about Marxism, Mr. Benn."

In a brisk winter purge Mrs. Thatcher ousted one or two of the more notorious "Wets" from their positions in the Cabinet, leaving her in undisputed control, although several of the most powerful "Wets" remain (it took the Argentine navy to get rid of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington). Discontent among her backbench supporters in the House of Commons tends to be more political than ideological: it waxes and wanes proportionately to their fears for the outcome of the next election.

INSIDIOUSLY, the government is urged by some politicians and commentators to make a virtue of its failures. They argue that, since Mrs. Thatcher has not been able to cut public spending as she had hoped, she should boast of her government's generosity, instead of apologizing for it. She has shown signs lately of yielding to these blandishments. Over the past two years, for example, the National Health Service has acquired an extra 47,300 employees, and the central government's payroll has risen by 38,000. When pressed on such points, Mrs. Thatcher says that people ought surely to be pleased that there are more doctors and nurses. (Actually there are 33,800 more nurses and 3,300 more doctors and dentists. Who the other new NHS employees are is unexplained.)

The annual budget proposals, announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the beginning of March, steered a careful course, with just enough "reflation" to keep the restive Conservative backbenchers quiet but a firm refusal to pour printed money into the economy, as Labor and Liberal spokesmen had been demanding. The budget got a surprisingly good press; better in some ways than it deserved.

The Chancellor began his speech by saying that he would propose "substantial tax cuts." This proved, except by the peculiar arithmetic of governments, simply untrue. Various tax-thresholds

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and social-security benefits were adjusted to allow for inflation: but most people, when they have paid the increased compulsory National Insurance, not to mention the additional duties on drink, tobacco, and gasoline, will end up—as usual—slightly worse off.

This government came to power pledged, above all else, to reduce the burden of taxation, and it has completely failed to do so. The failure was embodied in its very first budget, which, while marginally reducing income tax, increased value-added tax (which is imposed on almost all goods and services) by virtually the same amount: and any subsequent alleviation has been ruled out by the lack of genuine cuts in public spending. The overall tax burden now is worse than under the last Labor government. Public expenditure over the past year amounted to no less than 45 per cent of the Gross National Product. Each year the Chancellor of the Exchequer says that the ratio is expected to fall, and each year it doesn't.

There will probably be only one more budget before the next election (for which autumn 1983 is the likeliest date), and the Chancellor's aim, clearly, is to include some popular tax cuts then. He will say, with some justice, that they are not a mere exercise in vote-buying but the reward of earlier economic rectitude. Whether this classic strategy still works is an open question. The electors have very short memories but they are also more cynical than they used to be.

On the other hand, several indicators are not unfavorable. The economy should have started to recover by then. The Labor Party, riddled with increasingly confident revolutionary Marxists, is in a most unhappy and repellent state. The Social Democrats may have become fashionable too soon. The Conservatives are scoring quite well again in the opinion polls.

From now on, everything the government does will be done with half an eye to the election. "Pragmatism," rather than the ideology of "Wets" and "Drys," will be the prevailing force. Intellectual consistency will diminish further, a complete muddle being considered more acceptable than the admission of partial failure. To anybody interested in the propagation of conservative ideas this must be a depressing phase. So much that was achieved in theory before the last election has been eroded in practice since, and the ghosts of old fallacies have risen again to stalk the land. The deadly idea has revived that inflation may not really be so harmful and is, anyway, preferable to unemployment. Mr. Heath was gloating, after the budget, that "the intellectual battle against monetarism" had been won.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that Mrs. Thatcher's administration in Britain and Mr. Reagan's in America are, for all their faults, the best conservative governments we have got—or seem likely to get; which sets a limit to permissible carping. □

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Qaddafi on the Danube

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

ANYBODY WHO knows anything about Muammar el-Qaddafi or about what Vienna stands for historically and culturally had to have been surprised when Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky invited Qaddafi for a visit. Kreisky, although Jewish himself, isn't enthusiastic about either Jews or the State of Israel. Still, it is one thing to be an uncommitted Jew; it is quite another to play host to a violently anti-Zionist Arab who considers his country to be at war with Israel, and who is one of the major sponsors of international terrorism.

We Austrians were exhorted not to call our visitor a murderer—on the grounds that there is no conclusive proof that he has organized the many terrorist murders he has been accused of, or that he has actually supported terrorists of various nationalities all over the globe. That might or might not be so. (The U.S. State Department, from Alexander Haig on down, harbors no doubts about Qaddafi's links to international terrorism.) It is a known fact, for instance, that Anwar Sadat's assassination was officially celebrated in the streets of Libya for three days and nights.

The Money Hunt

The reasons for Qaddafi's visit were various. For Kreisky, there was the irresistible combination of international publicity and Libyan money. Austrian industry has begun to feel the effects of the world recession, and Libya is in the market for machinery and technical expertise. For Qaddafi also, there was the lure of money. With oil prices tumbling, the Reagan Administration's decision to boycott Libyan oil has hit hard. Qaddafi has to find other customers as soon as possible. But there was another reason for this somewhat untoward visit.

It was the opening wedge in Qaddafi's campaign to establish contacts with the Western world. Being Qaddafi, however, he went about it in a most unusual way. Before an audience of stunned Austrians, he denounced the President of the United States as a New World version of Adolf Hitler. Having said which, he proceeded to inform his audience that he would love to visit the United States.

Off to the U.S.

Qaddafi's anti-American barbs embarrassed Kreisky, who is planning to visit Washington himself later this year. To forestall any damage to his country's relations with the U.S., he dispatched his Foreign Minister, Willibald Pahr, to explain the "Austrian position" to the State Department. He also had to deal with discontent on the home front. Predictably, Austria's big opposition party, the right-of-center Volkspartei, lambasted Kreisky's Socialist government for inviting such an international pariah. Not only did Qaddafi attack the United States, he met with leaders of the Austrian and German "peace movements," both of which, wittingly or not, serve the political and military aims of the Soviet Union.

One thing we must keep in mind, however, when we consider Qaddafi as patron of international assassins: while he, also, frequently winds up serving Soviet interests, that is not his only or even his principal aim. He is first of all an orthodox Moslem, and his actions must be interpreted within the history of Islam.

First, we might remember that the very word "assassin" comes from *hashishiyyin*, an Islamic (Shi'ite) sect in the Middle Ages which held it a holy duty to commit certain murders of infidels. In strict Moslem teaching, the world is divided between *Dar-al-Islam*, the House of Islam, and *Dar-al-Harb*, the House of War. To the latter belong both the heathen countries, which ought to be conquered and exterminated if they refuse to accept Islam, and the countries of the People of the Book, the Jews and Christians, who ought to be subjugated and taxed, but tolerated.

As a good Moslem, Qaddafi cannot make peace with the *Dar-al-Harb*, he can merely, like the sultans of old, conclude an armistice. Thus, if Qaddafi organizes the assassination of dissidents, traitors, enemies, or opponents of his ideology, it can be assumed that he is acting in good faith according to his own lights. Kreisky may have spoken more truly than he knew when he told the German weekly *Die Zeit* that Qaddafi is a Third World leader and cannot be judged by Western standards.

One might ask, however, whether that was a particularly appropriate thing to say by *Austrian* standards. Certainly under Emperor Francis Joseph, Colonel Qaddafi would not have been invited to Austria on an official visit; the sovereigns and governments of Europe at that time were a bit more discriminating. The Near East hasn't always measured up to the general standards of Western Christendom. The aristocracies and, perhaps even more, the prim and proper bourgeoisie of the time were not shy about acting on this assumption—an assumption that we have lost somewhere along the way.

Perhaps the most important lesson to be learned from Qaddafi is that human beings in different parts of the world are not "more alike than different." Different religions have different cultural foundations, and different cultures have produced different behavioral notions. A certified public accountant belonging to the Congregational Church in Muncie, Indiana, doesn't think, act, and react like a mullah in North Yemen or an Orang Kubu in Borneo. And people of our race and climes will, if they make a clean break with Western traditions, become complete strangers to us. The nations which produced Goethe, Dostoevsky, Descartes, and Cervantes have also produced some extremely odd characters.

At one time, Austrians in search of examples of international confusion had to leave home to find them. Today, Austrians no longer have to travel. Qaddafi was made welcome in their own country. But some standards remain inviolable. If you doubt this, just imagine what would happen if the Volkspartei were in power and dared to extend an invitation to General Pinochet. □

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Thinking about Intelligence

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

The CIA under Reagan, Bush & Casey: The Evolution of the Agency from Roosevelt to Reagan
By Ray S. Cline
Acropolis, 351 pp., $12.50

It is hard to believe that the Central Intelligence Agency, probably the most controversial political institution in American history, is barely 35 years old. (It came into formal existence on September 18, 1947.) Other political institutions—the Presidency, the Supreme Court—are controversial, but at least they are written into the Constitution, and there are almost two centuries of tradition behind their controversiality; there are touchstones, benchmarks, tests, criteria, observations—history itself—by which to judge the performance of these branches of government.

Not so the CIA, which started out as a servant of the President but which, since 1974, has become far more a creature of Congress than of the White House. The problem of the CIA cannot be merely that it tries to operate in secrecy. After all, despite the Woodward book, Supreme Court proceedings are still off limits to Congress, the press, and the public, nor do these proceedings come under the Freedom of Information or Privacy Act. The meetings of the Joint Chiefs of Staff are equally off limits. Nobody pries into the affairs of the Secret Service.

The CIA's difficulty is that we simply do not know how to fit an intelligence agency, which must operate in secrecy, into the constitutional system of an open society. Everybody believes CIA activities should be secret and everybody wants to know the secrets. If there is over-control, the CIA may not function very well; if there is under-control, it may run wild—but then how does one measure under- or over-control? Are empirical tests possible? Of course not.

To put it simply and crudely, if you want a smoothly functioning intelligence agency which gets results, it will have to be part of a totalitarian society in which the secret police are superior to everybody and have first call on anything and everything, regardless of race, creed, color, law, or human decency. In other words, it will have to be a society where there is no congressional oversight, no free and irresponsible (as it should be) media, no Bill of Rights. Intelligence in a free society means confusion, incoherence, and lots of blabbermouthing. Nothing—no law, no guidelines, no controls, no special recruitment, no charter—will change that.

That is why the thinking and writing of someone like Ray Cline are of utmost importance to the debate about the CIA. Cline is an intelligence professional with thirty years of service, including stints as CIA station chief in Taiwan and deputy director of the CIA. After leaving the CIA he put in some time at the State Department, and then acted as defense and foreign-policy advisor to candidates Reagan and Bush. He is currently senior associate at Georgetown's Center for Strategic and International Studies and a founding member of the Consortium for the Study of Intelligence. He is also a helluva nice guy.

Cline describes "the heart of intelligence work" as consisting "of properly evaluated information from all sources, however collected." Obviously, he disagrees with skeptics of the intelligence process like Laurence W. Beilenson and Samuel T. Cohen, who wrote in *The New York Times Magazine* (Jan. 24):

> Short-sighted indeed are those who urge us to trust our intelligence agencies to catch the Russians at cheating. Beginning with World War II, American intelligence estimates have been regularly wrong on matters of moment. Nor is American intelligence unique in this failure; the intelligence process is inherently unreliable because, at bottom, it is a guessing game.

Cline calls for "an intellectual partnership between scholars and spies [as] the best formula for successful intelligence collection and evaluation." This is the theme of the earlier version of this book titled *Secrets, Spies, and Scholars*, which was published six years ago. However, the present version is so updated that it can be treated as a new text.

U.S. intelligence should include a potential for covert political action abroad when national interests dictate it, says Cline, and this potential should be maintained within the CIA. In addition, professional intelligence analysts expert in the behavior patterns of foreign countries should be made privy to all details of what foreign officials say in all discussions with the President or his White House emissaries. In recent years the substance of such conversations has rarely been made available to the State Department or the CIA "when crucial changes of policy

Arnold Beichman *is the author of* Nine Lies about America *and a prolific lecturer and social critic. . . .* **Murray Kempton** *is a columnist for* Newsday. *. . .* **Thomas Mallon** *is a professor of English at Vassar College. . . .* **Terry Teachout** *is jazz critic for the* Kansas City Star.

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direction were made, [and this] is in my view a much greater scandal than any of the intelligence agencies' misdeeds." He implies that past Presidents and their aides have suppressed CIA assessments when the findings were contrary to White House policy.

He sees a new role for the Director of Central Intelligence, elevation of the post to Cabinet status. William Casey, the present director, "has been granted Cabinet status on a personal basis," says Cline, "but the job itself should be permanently made equal in rank of the Secretaries of State and Defense." Cline wants greater interdepartmental and interagency cooperation for the clandestine collection of information. The top national intelligence official should also be chairman of the Committee on Foreign Intelligence, with broad supervisory control over all intelligence agencies. The director of the National Foreign Assessment Center should have three qualifications: training as a social scientist, wide experience in government, and experience in clandestine or covert intelligence work. Finally, Cline advocates dropping the initials CIA, which have become "a worldwide public-relations liability."

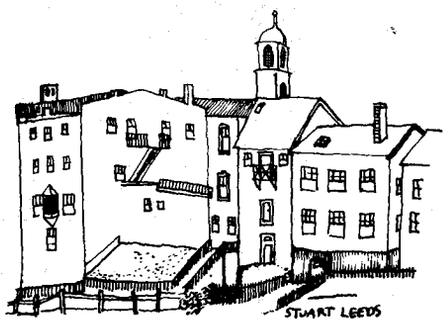
Cline's basic principle for an intelligence system is "to do nothing secretly that can be done openly, to do nothing in this country not provided by law, and to do nothing abroad not called for in the legislative charter given our intelligence agencies." His thoughtful recommendations make this book crucial to the ongoing debate about intelligence in a democratic society. □

The Brandeis/Frankfurter Connection: The Secret Political Activities of Two Supreme Court Justices
By Bruce Allen Murphy
Oxford, 473 pp., $18.95

DOUBLE LIVES

JOSEPH SOBRAN

The Brandeis/Frankfurter Connection has already made headlines: it reveals, on the basis of a newly discovered cache of letters between the two Supreme Court Justices, that before serving on the Court Frankfurter secretly served



Justice Brandeis as a paid political lobbyist for causes with which Brandeis himself chose not to be publicly identified.

Moreover, the political activities of both went on before and after their association. Brandeis and Frankfurter, both of them Jews, lobbied for the Zionist cause separately; Brandeis offered Woodrow Wilson plenty of other foreign-policy advice during World War I; Frankfurter privately urged Franklin Roosevelt to intervene in World War II shortly after his own appointment to the Court.

There is an obvious hypocrisy and potential scandal in all this, of course, since both Justices also cultivated the aura of sacerdotal aloofness from common political passions. In his later years Frankfurter was renowned as the political liberal who nonetheless argued for judicial restraint. Was he feeling some sort of remorse about having acted unjudicially on Brandeis's behalf?

The story is psychologically murky about such points. Certainly Brandeis and Frankfurter both took some pains to conceal their activism, and Frankfurter denied his authorized biographer access to these revealing letters. Was this a matter of ethics or merely (if "merely" is the word) decorum?

None of the "secret" activities recorded in this book was illegal, but Abe Fortas—in pre-Watergate times, remember—was forced to resign from the Court for less. It seems to have been a firm rule all along that Justices must *appear* to be above political activism, even if a William O. Douglas could be an outspoken political advocate. And many people felt that it was somewhat unseemly even for Douglas to try to influence public affairs by ventilating his personal views.

But maybe it was enough for Brandeis and Frankfurter to keep up appearances. Personally, I find it hard to become indignant about these revelations. A Justice of the Court is far less likely to be corrupted by a conflict of interests than by a conflict of ideals. Ideology strikes me as the clear and present danger here, not bribery: the Court's salient excesses have sprung not from greed for money, but from the lust to impose its vision of society and its readiness to find that the Framers had written the liberal agenda into the Constitution in invisible ink.

Beyond that, Bruce Allen Murphy has done a remarkable job of research in this book, and he tells the story with vividness and grace. It's a good enough story, too, for a matter so arcane. Both the principals being Jews, we see a drama of political assimilation at a moment when America was ceasing to be a Protestant nation. We see Brandeis, the impassioned moralist, hiding his own commitments. We see Frankfurter shifting from his fealty to Brandeis, who opposed many features of the New Deal, to a new fealty to Franklin Roosevelt. The story doesn't take place at a purely empyrean level, either: the thriftless Frankfurter needed Brandeis's money —$3,500 a year, a lot of money in those days. (In fact Brandeis gave over $1.5 million to causes he believed in.)

IT SEEMS rather churlish to complain this way of a book that has such great merits as a work of scholarship, but Murphy focuses too much on the narrow questions of propriety without quite resolving them, and almost totally misses a deeper question, namely, how much idealism can corrupt men and institutions. The political culture has long had a sort of obsession with greed, and tends to suspect that corruption is occurring when money changes hands. Often it is. But the rule of law can also be subverted when Justices take shortcuts to realize their vision of the good society; and liberals have rather openly countenanced this kind of corruption for decades, excusing and even celebrating judicial "activism" (in a "progressive" direction, of course) on the grounds that the legislative branch has "failed" to follow progressive prescriptions. Such talk really implies that the end justifies the means.

Not all evil passions are selfish, and not all corruptions issue from inherently evil passions. Brandeis, like most of us, had a definite idea of what a better world would look like, and he sought, assiduously and generously, to realize it. Murphy admits that there is no reason to think that either Brandeis or

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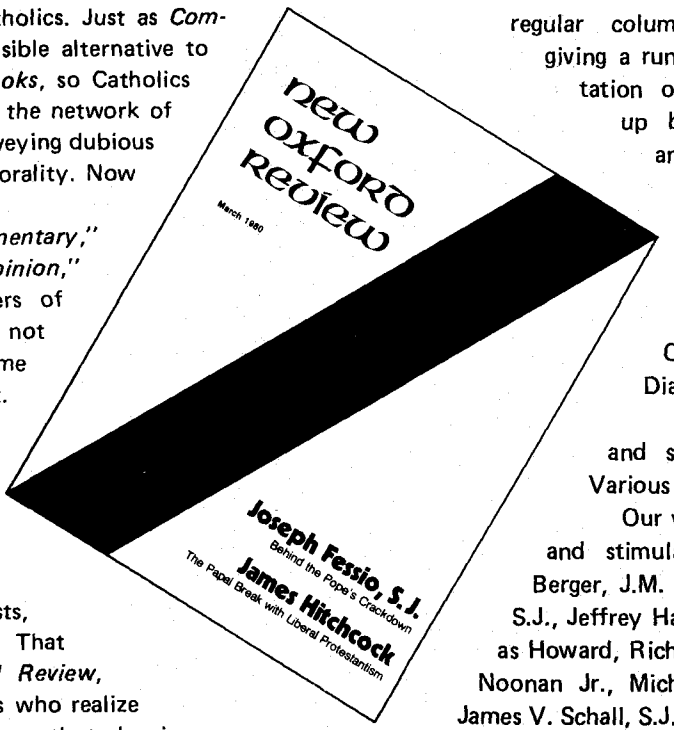

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Frankfurter ever compromised his role when it counted—i.e., neither ever twisted his legal reasoning so as to serve the purposes he had furtively campaigned for. Whatever dark questions their machinations raise are laid to rest by their integrity on the bench itself.

So there is less scandal here than meets the eye. It is scandalous on the face of it when eminent men lead self-consciously double lives, exerting personal influence on other men in power to serve ends they don't acknowledge in their public roles. But that is apparently as far as it goes. Murphy doesn't try to work up a phony indignation about the whole business.

Finally the reader has a certain sense of having come to a dead end. The revelations turn out to be somewhat less juicy than publicity suggested. That should not distract us from the real value of this book, which is that it gives us an intimate but scholarly portrait of the men of flesh and blood within the black robes. It does so carefully, without the eagerness to titillate that marred—or should I say constituted—*The Brethren*. I only wish its moral outlook had been somewhat less conventional: behind the canons of decorum is the assumption that it is more than unseemly, it is *wrong* for a man who occupies a role as important as Supreme Court Justice to play another role simultaneously—whether that second role is flunky or idealist. □

Reverse Angle: A Decade of American Films
By John Simon
Clarkson N. Potter, 466 pp., $17.95

THE ENFORCER

TERRY TEACHOUT

Film critics tend to be as good as the movies they review, a loathsome but hardly surprising state of affairs; when you live on garbage, after all, you get to be a connoisseur of the stuff. Thus, Pauline Kael can soil the pages of *The New Yorker* with fervent praise of *Dressed to Kill* and still not get laughed out of town; thus, a widely used academic text on film can call Andrew Sarris "the most influential of the American critics" while tactfully neglecting

to mention that he's also an unreliable, popcorn-headed reductionist who dotes on junk movies; and thus, John Simon, one of maybe a half-dozen true critics in the history of the medium, can be regularly dismissed as a misanthropic crank, no doubt by the sort of reader whose idea of a really *dependable* movie reviewer is, say, Rex Reed.

Needless to say, the middle-brow case against Simon is air-tight. "He had the true-blue, 12-year-old Captain Ranger heart of a veteran film reviewer," Wilfrid Sheed once said of an innocent bystander in his novel *Max Jamison*, and Sheed's wicked sideswipe neatly sums up what most people look for in a film critic: a) assurance that what they like is also good, and/or b) a fancy line of patter with which to prove a) at cocktail parties.

John Simon, on the other hand, doesn't like most of the films he sees; he gets riled over a bad film, especially when other writers are giving it good notices; he never minces words, regardless of the reputations involved; and he insists on evaluating films according to the highest appropriate standards, with no bonus points awarded for nostalgia value or honorable intentions or political rectitude or coterie appeal or good clean fun. Merely because, at the age of 11, he thrilled to a Monogram shoot-'em-up dubbed in Serbo-Croatian (wildly unlikely, but you get the idea) doesn't mean he thinks it's high art, or even necessarily worth seeing, today. *He doesn't even like Diane Keaton.*

Some will find so aggressive an approach to criticism insolent and offensive; others will see it as a welcome compliment to their intelligence. Those in the latter category will be pleased to hear that Simon has recently brought out a new collection of writings on film, his first in over a decade. The book is a brilliant, intransigent collection of the best film criticism being written anywhere today, one which belongs on every self-respecting five-foot shelf of books about film, right next to *Agee on Film* and *Dwight Macdonald on Movies*.

Reverse Angle opens with four hell-raising essays on the current state of American film criticism and closes with a group of articles that shows John Simon, The Enforcer, at his most merciless: glittering, definitive attacks on Pauline Kael ("a lively writer with a lot of common sense, but also one who, in a very disturbing sense, is common"), Penelope Gilliatt ("she is a fiction writer first of all, not the least when she is writing criticism"), Rex Reed ("Did Andy Warhol's Frankenstein concoct him to spread the camp sensibility into the bloodstream of silent America via the Hearst Syndicate?"), and Andrew Sarris ("I have always relished Sarris on two subjects: politics and sports"). By way of contrast, Simon also gives us his preface to the late Charles Thomas Samuels's *Mastering the Film*, a piece full of unforced, judicious appreciation for a first-rate talent cut short by suicide.

In between, Simon gets down to cases: his reviews of over two hundred American films released between 1970 and 1981, many of which originally graced the pages of *NR*. Readers of this magazine, having already encountered a great deal of *Reverse Angle* in fortnightly installments, are therefore perfectly aware of Mr. Simon's stature as a film critic; but, given his widespread reputation for a virtuosic, sometimes appalling command of invective, it may be a useful corrective to examine briefly another—and, I think, more important—side of John Simon.

On re-reading these essays in bulk, I was particularly struck by the scrupulous, elegantly incremental praise with which they are filled. The impulse at work here is not kindness, but justice; whenever Mr. Simon detects high-quality work, no matter how sordid the surroundings, he singles it out for comment at once. The following passage may serve to illustrate the extreme nicety of his discrimination:

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John Huston's *Wise Blood* very nearly does justice to Flannery O'Connor's first novel, on which it is based. Though the novel may be Miss O'Connor's least successful fiction, for a movie to have captured its spirit is enough to place it quite high on the film scale, and in a category of its own.

There is a great deal of Simon in these two sentences: the willingness to judge a John Huston picture on its own merits, without reference to past successes or failures; the clean, perfectly balanced prose style; the wide reading that makes Simon not a "movie reviewer" but a *critic* capable of placing a film in its broader artistic context.

But it is the exactitude of the compliment that I find most characteristic. A compliment so exact cannot help but inspire belief; and standards so high cannot help but serve as an inspiration to those who encounter them. One could quote John Simon all day; indeed, to do so would constitute the most effective review of *Reverse Angle* imaginable. It's quicker and easier, however, simply to say: no matter how you feel about movies, *Reverse Angle* is a book you owe it to yourself to read. □

Oh What a Paradise It Seems
By John Cheever
Knopf, 100 pp., $10

NO PLACE LIKE KANSAS

THOMAS MALLON

It happened about 1979, when his collected stories won the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Critics' Circle Award. John Cheever became a "figure." People started talking of him as a "national treasure" and so forth. This occurrence is bad for any writer, and bad for his audience: it generally leads to a slackening of invention in the former and a supine gullibility in the latter.

A writer's becoming a figure is a good thing only for his publisher. Cheever's is Alfred A. Knopf, who is now serving up a piece of whimsey called *Oh What a Paradise It Seems* at $10 a copy. Those who admire Cheever not because they've read him but because they think they are supposed to will no doubt buy it. They may even read it and convince themselves that the whimsey is invention.

One of the characters in this new book is said to work "on the nether floor of a nether building in a nether neighborhood . . ." This is often the world of Cheever's fiction; it is certainly the location of this novella. The plot is *almost* real, *almost* believable, but the novelist remains free to indulge himself with whatever improbabilities or flights of fancy (very different from flights of the imagination) he wishes.

The aging Lemuel Sears is striving for both erotic renewal and the clean-up of Beasley's Pond, an ice-skating paradise that's recently been fouled by some municipal collusion. If you have any doubt about the connection between the two endeavors, the narrator explains it to you on page 99: "Sears spoke with an enthusiasm that sprang from the fact that he had found some sameness in the search for love and the search for potable water." In the course of Sears's double quest he embarks on one affair with Renée (get it?), and another with an elevator operator named Eduardo. Oh (as the narrator might exclaim) it gets complicated!

Before Sears can get both his ashes and the pond's refuse thoroughly hauled, one must endure a stage psychiatrist ("'Infantilism is obviously one of your greatest handicaps'"), a Red-baiting mayor ("'This meeting has been called . . . simply as a courtesy to placate a Communist-inspired conservationist . . .'"), bad Italian dialect ("'You live near the pond she's a called Beasley's?'"), plus a baby lost and miraculously found. One must also put up with all sorts of lyrical utterances and tedious speeches by a narrator from far in the future ("At the time of which I'm writing jogging was very popular . . .") whose use of the editorial "we" annoys the reader not because it cloys, but because it somehow implicates him in all this boring fakery.

The publisher's blurb tells prospective buyers that this book is a "mixture of inevitability and surprise . . ." In point of fact there is absolutely nothing inevitable about this novel. Once you let yourself roll with its cute implausibility you know that Cheever will keep doing exactly what he wants whenever he wants. When a minor character gets killed by a car on page 92, one can hardly care, because, had he survived, he was just as likely, on page 93, to turn out to be somebody's long lost son or to metamorphose into a giant chicken.

The Stories of John Cheever is still in print, and well worth owning, at $15. Short stories can do just fine by offering incidental pleasures; but novels, even novellas, must offer something more steady, somewhere we can live for a while, a place we can count on to be more than ad hoc. When a novelist allows the reality principle to weaken, he must be playing for very high stakes. When Muriel Spark does that, it may be to give the reader a glimpse of real

RANDOM NOTES

■ More May Titles: D. Keith Mano's biggest novel, ten years in the making, is *Take Five* (Doubleday, $17.95), about a man who loses his five senses and discovers God. . . . If you like Americana (baseball and *The New Yorker*, for example) you'll love *Late Innings: A New Baseball Companion* (Simon & Schuster, $16.95), by Roger Angell.

■ The Reactionary Mind: *Jews without Mercy: A Lament* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, $13.95), by Earl Shorris, is a quite hysterical *Attentat* on Jewish neoconservatives (Podhoretz, Kristol, Glazer, Decter, etc.), whom the author chides for having abandoned the traditional Jewish commitment to charity and liberalism. He suggests that behind this *trahison des clercs* lurks a profound shame at being Jewish. . . . *Speak Out: Against the New Right* (Beacon, $14.50; $7.25 paper), edited by Herbert F. Fetter, is a veritable zoological garden of the Opposition: Carl Sagan, Gloria Steinem, John Kenneth Galbraith, Norman Lear, and many others, "speaking out" against Jerry Falwell, the imperiled First Amendment, nuclear arms, and so forth. The editor is a chaplain at Harvard. . . . George W. Ball's *The Past Has Another Pattern: Memoirs* (Norton, $19.95) is overlong and intolerably smug as it discusses Henry Kissinger, the Vietnam "aberration," and other weighty subjects. (All the above to be published in May.)

■ Book Biz: The New York City law firm of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst has announced its intention to disband on June 30. The firm is known for its handling of many civil-rights and freedom-of-speech cases involving writers and the publishing industry. Word has it that disagreements over management and income distribution are the cause. —CW

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mystery or real evil. Behind the diaphanous inventions of Calvino lies a lovely and amazing algebra linking the world of art and the world of life. But when Cheever looses his grip on the map of this world and allows it to roll up, we too often find that there's nothing much more than sentimentality behind it: "The sense of that hour was of an exquisite privilege, the great benefice of living here and renewing ourselves with love. What a paradise it seemed!"

But it's not. It's the same old charnel palace as ever: the world. And why does he tire of it so quickly? Why does he so often send his nostalgic characters in search of homes that never existed, times that never were? He still writes some lovely sentences: "She was the sunny side of the street." But such gracefulness is often lavished on a rather fey substitute for this earth. Cheever's wizardry remains too Ozzy, too much the mere storyteller's; most good novelists have always known that there's no place like Kansas. □

Human Options
By Norman Cousins
Norton, 224 pp., $9.95

DULLED-OUT

D. KEITH MANO

The safe passage of human beings through history calls for at least as much attention as is now given to passengers in flight.

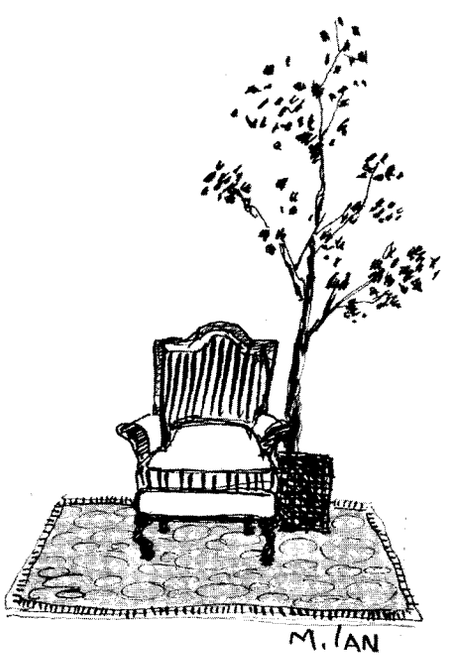
How d'you like that intellectual hair food? Betcha whoever thought it up lives on Spaceship Earth. Or in the Global Village. I mean, I know a major metaphorist when I'm pranged by one. But don't go away, there's more to come: if you think I'm doing time for this felony alone you're much misled. *Human Options* is all prop wash and no takeoff. I'd rather have my brain dermabraded than read it again.

Survival depends less on ideas than on action. The nation, or rather the people, that will define the ideal of a world government backed by the spirit of universalism as a basis both for survival and fulfillment will attract to itself such massed support everywhere as will dissolve what now appear to be the ineradicable components of disaster.

Oh, stop making chokedamp, Norman. Imagine: I had to read about one thousand of these sententious paragraphs: each as nebulous as the theology in an airport chapel. Just figure: platitude after platitude, like the Complete Thought of U Thant. *Human Options* was a most unfortunate concept. It shouldn't've been typeset: the publisher should've had it sewn, bromide for bromide, on pine-scented souvenir pillows. This is a mind that can progress only from general to cosmic to super-absolute to complete vague. No paragraph will adhere on remembrance longer than the shape of smog. So tedious is it, that in at least four places an entire long paragraph has been repeated whole—once on *the facing page* no less. Even Cousins's editor at Norton was too dulled-out to read for sense.

Knowing more about the gift of life is not merely a way of satisfying random curiosity. In the end, it is what education is all about.

Norman, you recall, was editor of *Saturday Review* for too long. This "autobiographical notebook" has been gleaned from his occasional writing in that magazine. Good grief: if these are excerpts, Montgolfier could've flown the main text. Worse, since Norman came to *SR* before WW II, his hyperbole is often more dated than surfer films. For instance, we get Norman Naïve contra civil defense, and pro the UN "as inseparable from the cause of peace." Really, he could afford to be more small-minded: personal not human, specific not universal, men not Man. Norman has, moreover, little idea of what religion is about:



Christianity has not truly involved itself in the human situation. It has become strangely adjacent to the crisis of man, seemingly content with trying to create a moral and spiritual atmosphere instead of becoming a towering and dominant force in the shaping of a world congenial to man.

Examine that, if you can find it. "A moral and spiritual atmosphere" is somehow negligible. Christianity should become "a dominant force." What does he mean? Maybe the Vatican should build a nuclear aircraft carrier? Not that Norman is ever improper: his passions are irreproachable and in excellent taste. Like an endless Unitarian sermon, sort of.

Right here on earth is the place to do something about our main problems. Otherwise we may find that astronauts will roam outer space in heavenly splendor with nothing to come back to.

Brezhnev aside, Norman must be the last One Worlder. Me, I can think of nothing more porous and vapid than world citizenship. I have no urge, even if it were possible, to part with or compromise my uniqueness. Creativity derives from tension and difference and, yes, risk. What we don't notice about One Worldism is the elitist nature of that concept. It becomes best those who, like Norman, are somehow above their own culture, their own inheritance. And who have, further, mobility enough to transcend local allegiance or brotherhood. As though *SR* were a sovereign, international place, not a magazine.

Optimism supplies the basic energy of civilization. Optimism doesn't wait on fact. It deals with prospects. Pessimism is a waste of time.

Like Dr. Coué said: every day in every way he has gotten duller and duller. For some reason Norman, optimist without information, is adjunct professor of medicine at UCLA. In California, where even the fads have little fads, he has been advocating brain power over disease. Patient, heal thyself. "Drugs are not always necessary. Belief in recovery always is." Who would gainsay the truth of that proposition? There is, in fact, truth to everything Norman says. So much undistinguished truth that you've got no room left for people or practice. Norman is a generous, hopeful sort: his chief virtue as editor

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and minor diplomat was, I guess, that no one ever wanted to hurt his feelings. I certainly don't. Remember, if you read this, Norman, that,

Life is an adventure in forgiveness. □

Clare Boothe Luce
By Wilfrid Sheed
Dutton, 176 pp., $12.95

IN THE COMPANY OF MEN

MURRAY KEMPTON

Wilfrid Sheed has recreated himself as the adolescent who found his first love; and to live through those days of ease and comfort from especially cruel usage seems to have exhausted every other impulse, even real curiosity about what Clare Luce had been before the summer of 1949. It must be joy to think of the private and drudgery to give an accounting of the public woman.

And so, I suppose, Sheed has failed from want of trying to be a proper biographer; but that is a small price to pay for his triumph as a memoirist. Mrs. Luce has had innumerable successes but even she is not likely to have had many larger achievements than the mark she left upon the heart of an unhappy 18-year-old. She could not have been what she was to Sheed if there had not been many times, before and since, when she has lived up to the platonic conception of the self; but this one can shiningly stand for them all.

" 'Watch out for envy,' she said once, apropos of nothing. We were doing a jigsaw, which means talking but absolutely no thinking, a dream state. 'I don't see why anyone would envy a guy with polio,' I said as I pored over the pale greens. She said, 'Yes, I guess that might slow them down some. But they'll find a way.' "

Sheed had come to her after years of the torments imposed by the post-polio rehabilitation theory he describes in *People Will Always Be Kind*, a novel that is all the more affecting for its tight-lipped rejection of self-pity and one that carries the stranger closer than he could otherwise hope to get to some measure of Clare Luce's gift. Sheed must by that time have been exhausted from exercising his ruined limbs for rewards so much meagerer than his pains; and she let him off all those rigors and set herself to exercising and expanding his mind. One of her lessons was stoicism, which can hardly have been necessary, because both of them had to have learned it awhile before.

Or do we run too fast when we note her warning to beware the envious and detect the wound of somebody whose detractors had never been slowed by the reflection that there might not be all that much reason to be jealous of a woman whose only child was dead and whose only two husbands had been George Brokaw and Henry Luce? George Brokaw was a mean drunk who alternated the back of his hand with tears of remorse in doses uniformly unattractive; and Luce must have known each and all of those subtler forms of oppression unique to despots who encourage their employees to call them by their first names. But Luce's ghost deserves fairer judges than either Sheed or I are free to be; and his widow, having taken his measure better, would certainly be one of those.

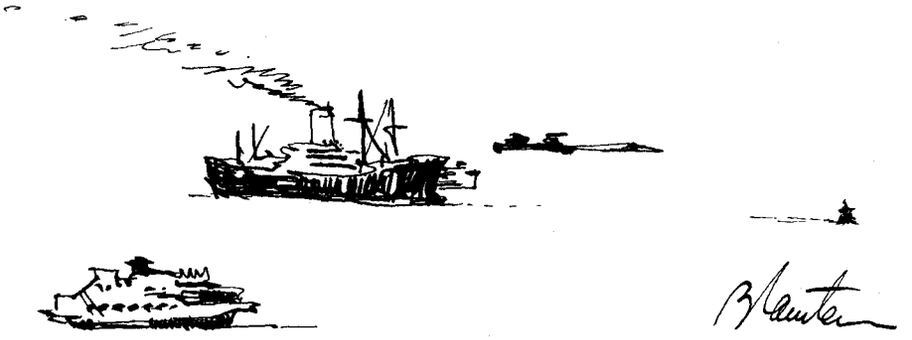
As it is, Sheed quite handsomely forgives him for an offense no less profound for being blameless: on the weekends when he came back to Ridgefield from his wars, Luce entered the stage of that summer as a huge, stifling shadow upon a young man's idyll. There must have been about Luce, as there happens to be about so many grand enterprisers, something of "the broad, overhanging watchful head" that Dickens remarked in Mr. Merdle; and Sheed can only exorcise this brooding presence by finally deciding that Luce was funny. There are few older and no more useful devices for chasing away ogres than an appreciation of their comic aspects.

And yet, dreadful as he may have seemed to the rest of us, there is good reason to believe that Mrs. Luce's wifely affection ran very deep because no woman of her high sensibility could have lived with the likes of George Brokaw and ever again have contracted a marriage founded upon unloving calculation.

All the same Luce *was* a conquest, although on occasion rather more like the Soviets' of Afghanistan than Rome's of Etruria; and there may have been times when she was not altogether sure whether, on her side, their union was a surrender to sentiment or a victory of tactics. All of us run some danger of mistaking the face we show the world for our real self, and there must have been a part of Clare Boothe Luce that was ashamed to admit her softness.

She seems likely to be best remembered for *The Women*, and it would be a pity if a spirit to whom kindness comes so easily were to endure longest for a play that is as bleak as a tactical manual. There are all those admonitions: "It's a terrible mistake to lay down ultimatums to a man." "A lot of independence you have on a woman's wages." "Reno's full of women who had their pride." They are pronounced on a frozen landscape whose denizens claw each other for the bits of fur or scraps of shelter that only men, those commanders of the enemy citadel, can provide in the way of windbreak. Mary Haynes is solitary among them for her readiness to endure suffering for love; and, by her creator's affirmation, Mary is "so stupid that you hardly give a hoot." Her social equals are almost without exception brutish and nasty; and yet they are somehow excused by circumstance, and their awfulness almost becomes the one available answer to that historically recurrent question of "What's a girl to do?"

Mrs. Luce may well have felt a particular need to warn Sheed against the envious because she had so acutely learned their power to infect the envied with their own hanging judgment of his character. To be called wicked and self-



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ish again and again can, with time, be to wonder if you might indeed be wicked and selfish.

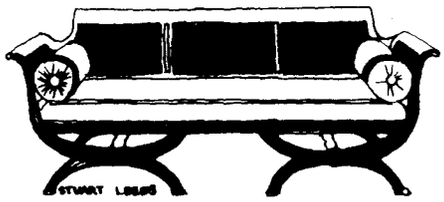
Mrs. Luce's youthful aspiration had been to grow into one of Bernard Shaw's heroines; and her foreword to *The Women* is graced with echoes of that master's prefaces. But, success that she made of herself in that role, her heroism seems touchingly more Jamesian than Shavian.

Before she was united to the Distinguished Thing, she had made her own disciplined way as a magazine editor and hardly needed Luce to be a personage. But there is some loss of sovereignty in any grand alliance; and there was certainly a waver in the fixed purpose she had until then brought to her career. It must have been difficult to escape asking herself whether the envious might be right. That would mean moments, however rare, when she was beset by the feelings that Madame Grandoni divined in Christina Light after marriage had transmuted her into the Princess Casamassima: ". . . the Princess considers that . . . she sold herself for a title and a fortune. She regards her doing so as such a horrible piece of frivolity that she can't for the rest of her days be serious enough to make up for it."

The attempt to cast off frivolity would, to be sure, have been minimal duty to a husband who was a heavy slab of the Serious. But there is something about her search for some place to go even after she had already arrived at the summit that intimates some personal necessity whose commands were more intense than even connubial fealty could quite be.

First she tried the plays. Sheed offers an exemplary reading and the valuable perception that, for all its wit and gloss, her work for the theater was surprisingly preoccupied with her sense that a play ought to have a message. No one with her gift for pleasing would have any easy road to the fulfillment of that craving; and Sheed confesses himself baffled, as he suspects she is, to retrieve *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* and find its "remorseless laughs" packaged with a foreword explaining her subject as "the rise of fascism in America."

Then she turned to public office as a congresswoman from Connecticut and, if the plays were not quite in her style, politics was an even less satisfactory departure. Here was the public Mrs. Luce at her least beguiling; and I



ought, in decency, to confess that this, the least characteristic of all the parts she played, engraved upon me a prejudice that lasted twenty years and was washed away, as has happened to so many others of the similarly disabled, when I met the real Mrs. Luce.

I was in the Pacific in 1944 when Armed Services Radio put our morale at hazard by broadcasting the national political conventions, in whose course it brought to us martyrs creaking with fine, green Australian beer Mrs. Luce's "G.I. Joe and G.I. Jim" address to the Republicans, which Sheed summarizes as: "Joe was the guy who comes back with brass bands, Jim is the one who doesn't. Jim died for our political sins, and lies in an unmarked grave."

This sounded to me unseemly even beyond the normal discourse of civilians in wartime; and, living at long distance as I was, I had no way of knowing that Mrs. Luce had toured the war fronts at probably greater risk to her person than was the lot of most of us who were beneficiaries of Douglas MacArthur's exemplary economy in exacting blood from his troops. Always excepting a war-bond orator or two, I suppose I disliked hers more than any other voice that intruded upon our peace in those days.

The mystery is why she did such things. Like most men recalling a time when they were young and hopelessly in love, Sheed assigns much of the blame to the husband; and unlike most young men hopelessly in love, he may well have been right.

When she met Luce, Clare Boothe was editor of *Vanity Fair*, which was then approaching final victimage by the Depression. A secondary element in her attraction to him was the hope that he might own and she direct a successor publication. Along with her hand, she conveyed to him the design model for what became *Life*; and he took the lesser of these prizes to his own bosom with the self-absorption of the habituated proprietor. Luce had an outsized view of the consequence of the Editor as functionary, no doubt because he was one himself. He was disinclined to share that holy calling; and his janissaries, who did not know the new Mrs. Luce well, had even scantier taste for what they imagined as the prospect of a redoubling of their oppressions. In the fervent agreement between master and servants that one Luce, Editor, was quite enough for one family or corporation, she was left to pursue any star of her choice so long as it did not travel in Time, Inc.'s orbit.

"Harry released *at least* all that was second best in people," Sheed observes in what is perhaps the keenest of his many felicitous asides, since it provides an encapsulation of Luce that relieves us from having further to fuss over the tedium and the spite of biographies like W. A. Swanberg's.

But she could never be truly released. Her political speeches might never have been all that vehement if she had not taken on the wifely burden of giving expression to the feelings of a husband who probably hated Roosevelt more than she could ever hate anyone and who thought it impolitic to speak that hatred's name in wartime. Luce was responsible to his corporation and was deficient in the moral fiber that kept Colonel Robert R. McCormick sternly resistant to the hypocrisies that are the ritual sacrifices war levies on those it leaves at home.

"I was the chin Harry led with," she told Sheed.

Otherwise there can be little excuse and no accounting for the more deplorable of her flights. At the pitch of the 1944 presidential campaign, she announced that Franklin D. Roosevelt was a dying man, and she was not forgiven that utterance even after its soundness as diagnosis was sustained by proof six months later.

BUT SHE had only said what Luce knew to be the truth and hadn't the nerve to suggest in public; they were both privy to the remarkable memorandums that *Time* correspondents used to dispatch from the field to editors whose pride it was to know the facts and whose shame it was to withhold them from their readers.

The Luce marriage seems to have been one of those distributions of responsibility not entirely unfamiliar in domestic arrangement: to him the safety of saying what the world wanted to hear and to her the danger of saying what it profoundly preferred not to. Then she became a Catholic, an act

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that ought, if anything could, to have opened for her some way out from under his shadow. But even then she could not escape; there is an image almost oppressively uxorious in Sheed's recollection of Luce accompanying her to Mass and staring with cold Presbyterian eye "at the bread on the table and daring it to speak up." Even Luce, armored though he was, must by then have noticed a touch of the rebel—"upstart," Sheed calls it—and been alarmed enough to keep an eye on her even if it meant dogging her steps into the very maw of the Wolf of Rome.

Conversions are always the most interesting thing about even the most interesting persons. Mrs. Luce finds the explanation of hers in her daughter's death; but there are losses so irredeemable that the highest faith cannot entirely reclaim the certainties that held their authority before they happened; such things are so much the end of illusion that there must have been additional reasons for her choice.

Those are perhaps to be found somewhere in a family where the mother was left to be her daughter's only shield and guide. (In justice to Luce, we have Sheed's testament that he was a most devoted stepfather.) Clare Boothe had a wonderful, because upstart, mother, and Sheed brings her marvelously to life as captain of voyages after the golden fleece of a handsome marriage, adventure cruises in whose course Clare was only a passenger and one who must be protected from becoming an adventuress at every cost. There appear to have been very few impurities that Mrs. Boothe did not cheerfully accept for herself in the cause of delivering her daughter pure to the altar of gold.

Ann Boothe's Big Push, as Sheed so nicely calls it, was a 1919 trip to Europe, whose mission it was to find fortune and husband for Clare and whose only small triumph was the placement of Clare's deck-chair next to Mrs. August Belmont's on the homeward voyage. We have to thank the gods that this particular predatory incursion did not take and hold its ground. There were beasts in the jungle of Mrs. Boothe's explorations that even she could not wot. As Lesbian force in Western culture, Mrs. Belmont's ghost reduces Gertrude Stein's to the palest of shadows.

If Mrs. Boothe had brought it off and installed her daughter in Mrs. Belmont's Sapphic compound, we would not have this gorgeous mystery; she would have been an interior decorator or Democratic National Committeewoman and no more worth remembering, let alone being puzzled over, than Elsie De Wolfe or Elizabeth Marbury.

But as it turned out she was made to elevate the company of men; and however much less acutely than Sheed we may wish that she had been made for other men than Brokaw and Luce, we wish it a little all the same even as we go down on our knees for the way she played that part. She is unquestionably beautiful beyond imagination for someone who is 78; but the photographs that ornament Sheed's text do not argue the certainty that she was all that unique at 28. But she must have been of larger dimensions than the mere beauty; she was a perfect realization of Scott Fitzgerald's prescription for the belle, who was, as I remember it, the pretty girl who played her cards as carefully as if she had been plain.

But even such great performances leave behind a measure of self-distaste for having been frivolous. Your victories carry the taint of the inconsequential. From mother to daughter, the struggle to establish something perceived as finer than oneself goes on; from social failure, Ann Boothe fought to find success for Clare; in success Clare Luce may have prayed for the casting out of frivolity in Ann Brokaw. Then Ann was gone and it was up to her alone to expel the devil of flippancy and she turned to the Church. I cannot be so presumptuous as to ask if she found what she sought there. She set herself to kindly deeds and pious thoughts; but she appears to have grieved a bit that the Church asked of her so little that was onerous.

She had no trouble being a nice woman; that must have been a considerable relief after years of being misapprehended as someone who went nowhere without her broomstick. But one doubts she needed the Holy Spirit to bring her to a visible state of grace. The only gain from the death of a child is its incitement to cherish every soul left alive. The loss of her daughter had put her to forgiving old enemies with a will that no spiritual guidance was required to strengthen.

The point may rather be that one of her grandfathers had been a Baptist minister and the other a Hoboken livery-stable keeper and those are a Puritan's bloodlines that, mixed with her subsequently acquired taste for the mystical and the elegant, might have made her the best sort of Catholic, which is to say a burning brand.

Those of us who look for hints that she may have longed for madder music and stronger wine than was served at the American Church's table in the Fifties may take some sustenance from the letter where Evelyn Waugh recounts a passage with the ineffable Father Feeny, SJ, at Harvard. "Mrs. Luce had told me," Waugh wrote home, "that he was a saint and an apostle on no account to be missed." Waugh made the pilgrimage and found Feeny surrounded "by a court of bemused youths and he stark raving mad." Feeny "shouted that Newman had done irrevocable damage to the Church" and Waugh responded by lunging into one of those opportunities to raise the level of scandal in a scene already scandalous enough that he seldom let pass him by.

For Mrs. Luce to have thought she might locate a saint and apostle in a personage as bizarre as Feeny suggests a longing for fiercer cats than the declawed tabbies the Church ran to in those days, and, if she failed in that search, it was just as well. Such excesses did not suit her temperament; and, in her undervalued service as American Ambassador to Italy, her moderate disposition appears to have left her more comfortable even with the secular liberals than with those intransigents in the Curia who regarded her very existence in a place of authority as a violation of St. Paul's injunction to let your women be silent in church.

She has in any case won through, less to be envied than many of the others who are and infinitely more to be admired than most of them. She may not ever have been permitted to be what she might have been, but then few of us are; and none of us could say that, without loss of innocence, we had brought the heart of a frightened 18-year-old boy into thrall. This is the grandest of conquests in a life whose

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achievements are all else but negligible. Napoleon conquered a smaller empire than this one and he didn't keep it and she has. □

FILM

THE START AND END OF THE ROAD

JOHN SIMON

By far the most interesting French filmmakers today are Jean-Jacques Annaud and Bertrand Tavernier, both represented by current films. After his stunning debut with *Black and White in Color*, Annaud, who also made the pleasant but minor *Coup de tête*, now gives us *Quest for Fire*, a monumental re-creation of prehistoric man, which, though loosely based on a novel by J. H. Rosny Sr. that Annaud (and I) relished as children, is largely his own idea as developed by his scenarist, Gérard Brach (*Repulsion*, *Tess*). Someday Annaud will write the story of the filming in Africa, Scotland, Canada, and, very nearly but finally not, Iceland. From what he told me, this would make a fabulous book; meanwhile, the film is no slouch, either.

Annaud did extensive research into various theories about early man, as well as into the life of modern aborigines; he also hired Anthony Burgess to reinvent an *ur*-Indo-European tongue, and Desmond Morris to provide a body language for the cavemen. Some of this yields amusing results, but the film is to be enjoyed principally not for the scientific or quasi-scientific baggage it carries, but for its scope and gusto.

It is the story of how a group of Ulam (primitive *Homo sapiens*), in a fight with the yet more primitive Wagabou, lose their precious fire, which they don't know how to make, and three Ulam warriors are sent out to seek new fire. There is Naoh, the sturdy and relatively sapient leader; there is Amoukar, the crude tough guy; and there is Gaw, the comic cut-up. Their hairy adventures with other tribes (the still simian, cannibalistic Kzamm; further fierce Wagabou; and the more advanced Ivaka—hut-dwellers, fire-makers, budding artisans) and encounters with ferocious animals (saber-toothed tigers, wolves, bears, mammoths) constitute the main story. And Naoh meets the Ivaka maiden Ika, loses Ika, wins Ika. She teaches him and his fellows how to laugh and make love, and, when the new, hard-won fire is lost too, how to make that. The Ulam are well on their way to true sapience.

There are faintly preposterous things here that are nevertheless droll, such as Ika teaching Naoh, who hitherto had sex only in the Ulam doggy fashion, the joys of the missionary position. And at the end, when Naoh and Ika, now a couple, sit outside the cave and watch alternately the full moon and Ika's swelling belly, one wonders: are they about to discover the principle of menstruation or of the wheel? But other discoveries are made more plausible, for example the way the Ulam learn about laughter in two separate but cleverly connected sequences. And when the questers, at journey's end, become as loquacious as travel lecturers, this can at least be accepted as a symbolic adumbration of the birth of narrative.

On the whole, Annaud strikes a fine balance between ferocity—prehistory red in tooth and claw—and comic, romantic, or just visually spectacular episodes. The story progresses nicely across three seamlessly blended continents, across some eye-teasing and mouth-watering landscapes. The camera zooms, tracks, pans, and literally soars, enhanced by Claude Agostini's subtle cinematography, and only slightly impeded by Philippe Sarde's elephantine (or mammoth-like) music, which does, however, have better moments, scored mostly for amplified recorder. Annaud's camera explores an earth that indeed hasn't changed in a mere eighty millennia; somehow he manages to convey the astonishment of eyes deciphering sights hitherto unseen, and even, as it were, the amazement of places and things at being unveiled for the first time. Yet this pristine loveliness is not a riot of colors: it tends to be misty, subdued; in some of the most striking shots, almost monochrome. The scenery has not yet learned to wear makeup.

But the makeup of men and animals—especially the prehistoric faces with their cantilevered brows—is magnificent, although the mammoths do look a bit like elephants wearing scatter rugs. What acting is called for is handled capably by Everett McGill, Rae Dawn Chong, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi; others, in lesser roles, gibber, menace, or maul appropriately. *Quest for Fire* may not be a work of art, but its thorough artistry should give children and adults pleasure and something to think about as they find themselves on the same elusive road to discovery as their distant forebears.

BERTRAND TAVERNIER'S *A Week's Vacation* is not quite up to his best earlier films—*The Clockmaker*, *Let Joy Reign Supreme*, *The Judge and the Murderer*—but it has most of the director's characteristic virtues in, if anything, overabundance. Tavernier makes "personal films," which is to say he lets things happen in them more or less as they did in life to him or his friends; more important, he responds to and evaluates these relatively humdrum events according to a very specific Tavernier sensibility, which always perceives the droll and the heartbreaking, the sensible and the absurd as inevitably inextricable. In these films, moreover, the spoken word is as brilliant and important as the visual imagery, and speaking (whether to communicate or to fail to do so) becomes as necessary and sacred as eating and making love. But the marvelous dialogue is also used cinematically: as cascades or clusters of sound, as a kind of spoken background music, as cries for help; or it turns, abruptly or insidiously, into silences that extend speech farther inward.

A Week's Vacation, written by Tavernier, his ex-wife, Colo, and Marie-Françoise Hans, has virtually no plot. Laurence, a young Lyons schoolteacher, lives with Pierre, a real-estate agent

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and amateur photographer, who is a compulsive jokester but also a charming lover and friend. One day she suffers a kindergarten version of a nervous breakdown and decides to play hooky for a week, during which she sees her doctor about sedatives; talks to colleagues and pupils; frequents Mancheron, the restaurateur-father of her most troublesome student; returns to Beaujolais to visit her parents (her dad is not very well); sometimes makes love to Pierre, sometimes refuses to; and, generally, tries to understand the purpose of her work and life. Though there are small surprises scattered throughout, there are no major revelations; if there is one, it concerns Anne, Laurence's fellow teacher and friend, rather than Laurence herself.

TAKE TWO examples of how the film works. Across the street from our heroine lives an unknown old woman; periodically, most often when depressed, Laurence looks through the two windows that separate them and sees the crone knitting, reading, or just staring into space. The old woman seems to be totally alone yet also resigned; she seems to convey to Laurence that life can be worse than hers and still endurable. When this visual refrain returns once more at the end of the film, the woman's window is shuttered, and sadness floods Laurence and us. To Anne, she remarks that she never noticed the woman until this week, and doesn't know what happened to her. "One day she was gone. Perhaps she moved. She never had any visitors." The camera discreetly cuts away, but both Laurence and we know where people who never have visitors move to.

Or Laurence goes for a brief stay with her parents. Pierre William Glenn's canny photography now changes from the mostly cool, misty Lyons palette to a country glow that is warm and almost overripe—as if someone had spilled some Beaujolais over the lens or the world. The entire episode is quietly moving, but most so the farewell from the by now bedridden and taciturn father. As Laurence presses her head against him, the old man (a lovely performance by Jean Dasté) mutters—more to himself than to her, and still more to the universe: "I know so many things . . . So many things . . ." The scene, as written, acted, directed, and edited, is one of the rare moments of perfection in world cinema.

The film makes some highly pertinent visual and verbal observations on the teacher-student conflict, and ingeniously brings in commentaries from before and after. There are excerpts on the soundtrack from the first papers of very young children, and there are school reminiscences of older people—notably from the wonderful Philippe Noiret, who reappears briefly as the character he played in *The Clockmaker*. Thus Laurence's quandary, although somewhat vague and never fully resolved, gains illumination from the context: a world with too many possibilities, phenomena, choices for most people to pick from with any confidence.

One other sequence. Pierre has prepared a nice dinner for Laurence and himself, with candlelight and champagne, but she returns so late that he has fallen asleep in his armchair. She squats by the coffee table and eats voraciously while gazing at him with gratitude but also compassion and guilt: if she doesn't wake him up, it is mostly to avoid having sex with him. It is a tiny scene: sweet, sad, beautiful. *A Week's Vacation*, in which the excellent Nathalie Baye, Gérard Lanvin, Michel Galabru, and Flore Fitzgerald head a fine cast, is whimsical, touching, and quite unpredictable—like life when it is most like itself. Thus it lacks a certain structure and narrative propulsion; but certainly not wisdom and charm. □

DELECTATIONS

GUADALUPE

NIKA HAZELTON

Last fall, my husband and I traveled for over a month in Spain, mainly to look at Spanish cathedrals. We love the country because it is so very different from France and Italy (more austere, I would say) and because the people are both charming and reserved. And the churches are wonderful, as is the landscape in some parts. Take Estremadura, in the west: a vast, empty land whence came the explorers of the Americas—the Conquistadores, such as Pizarro, who found Peru. But of all of Estremadura, I especially love Guadalupe, the sanctuary housing the Virgin who is the

Patron of "All the Spains." We went there again on this visit, and the experience was as rewarding spiritually, aesthetically, and humanly as it was the first time.

We drove to Guadalupe from Trujillo, where the Plaza Mayor, irregular in shape and on different levels, is flanked by sixteenth and seventeenth century buildings decorated with arcades, loggias, and imaginative corner windows. Pizarro, high on a horse (this sculpture was by the Americans Charles Runse and Mary Harriman), dominates the square of his hometown.

The road from Trujillo to Guadalupe meanders through mountainous, rather barren, and totally empty country, and has no other purpose than to lead to the shrine: we drove for several hours and met but one other car. You go higher and higher into the mountains; and there, in a hollow, lies a very small old village with whitewashed houses under pitched brown roofs. In the center of this perfect picture stands a large, ochre-colored monastery made up of a series of irregularly shaped and placed buildings bristling with turrets and battlements. The church itself stands atop a majestic flight of stairs.

THE PLACE to stay in Guadalupe is the Parador Zurbaran, *paradores* being hotels and inns run by the Spanish government in a totally admirable manner—admirable for their comfort, service, prices, and generally for their food as well. The Zurbaran is a particularly nice *parador*, with an interior court thick with flowering bushes and bearing citrus trees, through which you go

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up to your spacious room with a very well fitted out bathroom.

Guadalupe exists only for the shrine, and it is an overwhelming feeling to be in this solitary village deep in the very heart of Spain, far from cities and other villages, but filled with people from all over the country and abroad, there to pay homage to the Virgin. Like Assisi, it is a holy place.

The first sanctuary was founded (or so they say) by a cow-herd in the thirteenth century who found a miraculous Virgin in this mountain solitude. A century later, Alfonso XI built a grandiose monastery (the nucleus of the one we see today) to thank the Virgin for his victory over the Moors at the Battle of Salado (October 24, 1340), after which the Moors never tried a major invasion again.

Guadalupe, thanks to the miracles of the Virgin, became a place of pilgrimage, richly endowed by Spain's rulers and people alike. It also became a symbol of Hispanidad—the documents authorizing the expedition that resulted in the discovery of America were signed here, and Columbus named an island in the American seas after Guadalupe. The first American Indians converted to Christianity were brought here, and you can still see the chains left by Christians freed from Moorish slavery, who came to offer thanks to the one who helped free them.

The monastery itself is a treasure-house of different periods in the history of Spanish architecture, painting, jewelry, and crafts. The Mudajar Cloisters, for example, have a façade of flamboyant Gothic (fifteenth century), but their horseshoe-shaped arches have a decidedly Moorish air. (The Gothic cloisters are not open to the public, though there is a Hostelry for Pilgrims.) I did not see all of the museums, but the embroidery museum is said to have fabulous church garments dating back several centuries. The Zurbaran paintings of the monastery's priors in the Sacristy, dating from the second half of the seventeenth century, are as wonderful as the building itself, which is a mixture of classical architecture and the most ornate Baroque decoration.

Our Lady—a small, dark statue made, I imagine, of wood—lives in her *camarín* on the second floor. She wears incredibly rich robes and jewels, her wardrobe as awe-inspiring as her jewelry, some of which is displayed in glass cases. Her everyday crown is sumptuous, but her special procession crown is said to be rich beyond belief.

We went to Mass in the church and sat behind the iron grille dividing the sanctuary from the nave. Our Lady was very high above the altar, living, as she does, on the floor above the church. We realized during Mass that she had to be on a turntable, because every so often she turned away from us and was no longer visible. Later, we went up along with a great many others to pay her a visit. She is very small, inside a glass case, almost totally hidden by veil

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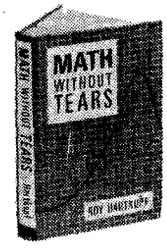

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and mantle, her Child in her lap—an emblematic figure. As she turns from the church to her visitors a young priest holds out a silver replica of her image that you bow to and kiss.

One of the things that struck us most about Guadalupe was the absence of tourist hullabaloo. There were no souvenir stands in the square fronting the church, the monastery souvenir shop was small and modest, and the crowd of pilgrim groups—young people, women with babies—were all cheerful but seemly. (I recalled with horror the goings-on outside the great cathedral of Monreale in Palermo, Sicily.) The Spaniards were friendly, helping me on my crutches up and down stairs, making way for me when there was a crowd. I remember with special affection a country gentleman who seized me round the waist and practically carried me down the long flight of steps that leads from church to square. We walked in the village's narrow streets, the windows and balconies thick with flowers, and though I seldom buy souvenirs I thought that the copper objects displayed in the little shops were in excellent taste and reasonably priced. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

JOE MCCARTHY AND THE PRESS, *by Edwin R. Bayley (University of Wisconsin Press, 270 pp., $16.50).* Edwin R. Bayley, during his years as a reporter for the *Milwaukee Journal*, was singled out in a crowd by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy one memorable evening and introduced as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like first to introduce a reporter in the audience, Ed Bayley from the *Milwaukee Daily Worker.* Stand up, Ed, and let the people see what a Communist looks like." Thirty years have elapsed since that incident took place, and Mr. Bayley—now a sedate academic type in charge of the Graduate School of Journalism at Berkeley—has written a book called *Joe McCarthy and the Press.* You'd tend to think that Mr. Bayley's book should probably be approached with a certain discretion, and to some extent you'd be right; but Edwin Bayley, like Elizabeth Drew, makes a point of getting his facts straight before stirring in his own opinions, and so *Joe McCarthy and the Press* also turns out to be a fascinating, carefully documented study of the peculiar relationship between the Junior Senator from Wisconsin and the men who so assiduously chronicled his days of notoriety. The Senator's periodic bouts of fabulism are, of course, retailed at length, but so are the manifold sins of the contemporary press—and these, not surprisingly, make for far more interesting reading. Mr. Bayley, for instance, casts a cold eye on the *New York Post*'s 17-part series "The One-Man Mob of Joe McCarthy" (1951): "The series," he writes, "was a highly emotional but remarkably thorough compilation of everything unsavory that had been dug up about McCarthy's past." In his discussion of Edward R. Murrow's 1954 *See It Now* broadcast on McCarthy, he scrupulously reminds us that both Gilbert Seldes and Jack Gould expressed serious reservations about the propriety of the *See It Now* team's editing techniques. And his chapter on the wire services vividly suggests Malcolm Muggeridge's icy dictum: "A Beatrice Webb or George Orwell deceive themselves; journalists are paid to deceive others. To succeed in their profession, they must get on to the front page, the way to which, more often than not, is paved with bad intentions." One somehow doubts that Mr. Bayley's purpose was to inspire such heretical reflections, but these things happen. Connoisseurs of inadvertent humor, by the way, will relish the following sentence to be found on page 160: "McCarthyism gave us Mary McGrory." Say it ain't so, Joe. TERRY TEACHOUT

MOXIE: *The American Challenge, by Philip S. Weld, Foreword by William F. Buckley Jr. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 245 pp., $16.95).* In 1980, at the age of 65, Philip S. Weld, a retired newspaper publisher reared on the New England coast, sailed his fifty-foot trimaran to a record-breaking victory in the three-thousand-mile OSTAR (the Observer Singlehanded Transatlantic Race) from Plymouth, England, to Newport, R.I. Weld's time was 17 days, 23 hours, and 12 minutes; he was the oldest man in the race and the first American to win. This was Weld's third try at the OSTAR race. The first time he finished far behind the winners. In the second attempt he never got started: his trimaran, *Gulf Streamer*, was upended in mid-Atlantic by a rogue wave while he and a mate were taking the craft to England; the two spent five days on the overturned boat until a British freighter finally rescued them. (A Russian freighter salvaged *Gulf Streamer*, which has been rebuilt and now sails under a Russian ensign.) Harvard and the newspaper business taught Weld to write; a Boston background, service with Merrill's Marauders in Burma in World War II, a large family of sisters and children, and a very intelligent wife have taught him modesty and understatement. The result is a book in which the character of the man comes through as he weaves his life story in and out of the day-to-day log of his triumphant crossing. *Moxie: The American Challenge* is a sailing book that is not for sailing enthusiasts alone. Meanwhile, there is another first for Weld. Prompted by a French film made of an earlier race, he engaged the New Film Company and its imaginative director, Chris Knight, to film the race (Weld was not the favorite to win). Cameras fitted with automatic timers were mounted on eight American boats; departures and arrivals were filmed by Knight himself. The result is a fascinating film which has been shown to numerous audiences in this country and France, and is now available in videocassettes for home showing (The New Film Company, 331 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.). The film catches moments of joy and triumph, tragedy and grief as the mariners make their crossings. Simultaneous availability of book and videocassettes gives Weld a first in the media race.

HERBERT A. KENNY

RUSSELL

(Continued from page 487)

could buy with it. Even a nickel was something to be reckoned with just after World War I when I was a boy. A group of us used to start off each Sunday morning from Dorchester Hill on our way to Sunday School, each clutching a nickel for the collection. On the way we always stopped off at Miss MacDonald's Little Store on Blue Hill Avenue for four cents' worth of jelly beans, licorice sticks, caramels, and three-for-a-cent chocolate creams, saving a cent for the collection. Four cents bought a lot then. It might again.

Of course such a currency reform as I have proposed assumes a subsequent fiscal restraint on the part of the government, the prudence at least of the singed cat. Recently I asked a Parisian friend who holds the dual perspective of a university professor and a housewife what the net effect of the French currency conversion had been. "It did slow down inflation," she wrote, "but I think the effect tended to disappear within two years. I don't think it strengthened public confidence, but at least it stopped the decrease of confidence." The French example is one to bear in mind. Chopping off zeroes from the currency is in itself not enough. The United States should again have a stable currency. With resolution it could. Yet even as I write these words I think of Schumpeter's dark prediction in the Twenties that the graveyard of the democracies may well be that what is economically essential is politically impossible. □

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

As if to make up for all those books published in the past touting Keynesianism and the controlled economy, of late these free-market jobs just keep on coming. Among the latest is *Bound to Be Free* (Hoover Institution Press, Stanford, Calif. 94305; $15.95), by Richard B. McKenzie, a professor of economics at Clemson University.

So often are the virtues of free enterprise stated these days, and so real are they, that their recapitulation stands some risk of becoming redundant, and even tedious. It is as if, after a couple of decades of anti-marriage sentiment, we must hear repeated over and over two millennia's worth of wholly prosaic arguments in favor of the institution of matrimony (and come to think of it, we must). McKenzie skates perilously close to the brink of tedium at times, and yet he has succeeded in giving his book a dimension that causes it to penetrate beyond the economic argument and to put economic freedom in a light which, although it has been cast before, is effectively—at times brilliantly—thrown here.

Contemplating the ravages of the New Deal, H. L. Mencken observed that economic freedom is the only freedom really worth a damn. What he meant of course was that all other freedoms derive from economic freedom, or can exist only within its context. The activity central to man, at least in his non-spiritual life, is making a living; and if he is not free, within broadly determined bounds, to make it as he sees fit, then he cannot be said to be free at all. This roughly is at the core of McKenzie's book; that there can be no freedom without economic freedom; and no real economic vitality without the human vitality to which freedom, and only freedom, conduces. Or as McKenzie puts it: *"The case for a free economy is largely a case for freedom in general."*

Freedom, to McKenzie, means life under a constitutional democracy the controlling scheme of which is devised to circumscribe not the citizens but the government; enumerating only the powers of that government and, by omitting any mention of them, tacitly relegating all other human activities to private life. Unhappily, democracy has proved to be "a highly defective mechanism of control," permitting both special interests and simple majorities to impose their interests on society to the detriment of all. ". . . Growth in the public sector," McKenzie argues, "is due, in part, to undue reliance on majority-rule government unchecked by constitutional restraints." In fact, he believes, we no longer live under a system of constitutional democracy but of "constitutional anarchy," in which constitutional restraints are simply ignored.

This state of affairs, he thinks, is largely the result of "the use of economic justifications for governmental actions, which have been developed and refined in the twentieth century, to extend government to a size and scope far beyond initially planned limits." The law of "external effects" guarantees that the extension of government will be an endless process, as our governors attempt to consolidate their most recent gains. The result is a society in which the predominant activity occurs in the public sector, and reformers and capitalists alike are encouraged, even compelled, to spend most of their time manipulating government to their own ends. A further result—the ultimate one—is loss of freedom on the one hand and economic stagnation on the other.

McKenzie offers at the conclusion of the book a number of possible remedies, for which I refer you directly to the author. More wisely—and certainly more philosophically—he makes, earlier on, an observation which critics hostile to the policies of Ronald Reagan should ponder: "the free-enterprise system is . . . an institutional setting . . . not designed to conform immediately to every pull and tug of social events. [It] must ignore particular circumstances and be judged—in the long run—as a process." □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Poor Get Poorer?

On The Right

New York, April 5—When I was growing up, soon after the Second World War began, Americans were most directly hit by a) the shortage of gasoline, which then was rationed to two and a half gallons per week; and b) the disappearance of automobile tires, thanks to the Japanese stranglehold on our sources of rubber. The story went the rounds of a Yankee motorist in the wilds of New Hampshire who pulled up to a rural garage, and in view of the attendant first carefully counted his coupons, then looked up, and said: "Two gallons, regular." "Why only two gallons?" the attendant asked. "Why do you think. Rationing." "What rationing?" "The war, for God's sake." "What war?" "I suppose you never heard of Pearl Harbor!" "Pearl Harbor? Where's that?" The motorist stopped, his hands trembling, voice hoarse, smiled sweetly and purred out: *"Never mind the gas. Just give me four brand new tires."*

We have an entire cover story in *Newsweek* magazine on the problems of the poor in America. There is merely one sentence, almost buried in the text, that makes any reference to the Reagan Administration's fight against inflation. It is this: "They [i.e., defenders of Reagan] argue that already Reaganomics has succeeded in reducing the rate of inflation, itself the most regressive form of tax on the poor." That's how much treatment they give to Pearl Harbor. Most of the balance of the story is devoted to the hardships on the poor caused by Reagan, and the "benefits" flowing to the rich.

Now, at the time the story was written, the figure for the most recent month (February) released by the Department of Labor was a price index rise at an annual rate of 3 per cent. That is to be compared with an annual rate of 13 per cent when Reagan took office.

Now, *Newsweek* provides an illustration for its story headed, "Rich Man, Poor Man: Reaganomics at Work." The illustration in question shows that everyone in the United States making $10,000 or more is benefiting to some extent from Reagan's tax and benefits program. But that those earning $10,000 or less are hurting to the extent of $240 per person.

Let us not quarrel with the figures (though we will have a closer look at one of these), and ask just the bare-bones questions.

How many people in America earned less than $10,000 in 1980? The answer (using round figures) is forty million. How much money has the Reagan Administration removed from this sector of America, taking *Newsweek*'s figure of $240 per person? Answer: $10 billion. What is the cash value of a 10 per cent increase in purchasing power, given the $200 billion spent by the sector in question? Answer: $20 billion.

It would be pleasant, would it not, to read just once in a treatment of Reagan economics, or view just once on television, a story that said: "As of the month of February, Reagan's program has resulted in an increased purchasing power to the poor of a sum twice as large as that which they have given up in marginal benefits."

Pearl Harbor? Where's that?

Newsweek does permit a paragraph or two to economists and theorists who demur on the matter of the routine handling of tax reductions for the affluent. Edgar Browning of the University of Virginia is quoted as questioning whether the government is "*giving* something to the wealthy, instead of letting them keep a slight percentage more of what they earned."

But this is a mere gesture in the war to convince America that Reagan is, really, indifferent to the poor. A cartoon embellishes the account. It is a caricature of a Reaganized Abraham Lincoln, writing out: ". . . with malice toward the poor; with charity toward the rich . . ."

The diagram about which we have already spoken lists, under "$80,000 and above," "$15,000" as the benefit received under Reagan. The text, one page removed, mentions that "households with incomes of $80,000 or more will pay an average of $15,000 less." Neat, that; and previously used on NBC television. That is a little like saying that the combined circulation of NATIONAL REVIEW and the *Reader's Digest* is 18 million, for an average of nine million per publication. The reduction for the man making $80,000—three years from now—is $4,500—or a 15 per cent decrease from what he is now paying.

Newsweek concludes its story: "The voters' hesitation may be well founded [on the matter of approving Reagan]. Indeed, so far there is little evidence that Reaganomics will deliver long-term prosperity to anyone." If Reagan could achieve prosperity in one year, he should run not for President but for God. But one would think it was a commendable start to increase, through a curb on inflation, the income of every living American by 10 per cent. □

RIGHT THOUGHT ON NUCLEAR BOMBS

New York, April 16—Twenty-five years ago, lecturing at Yale University on the subject of World Federalism, which was that season's political hallucination, Professor Walter Berns was asked when he thought one-world government might prove feasible. His answer: "Sometime soon after the formation of the state of Israbia." And now the author Jonathan Schell, in his apocalyptic book *The Fate of the Earth*, informs us that unless we have complete disarmament and world government, we are going to have nuclear war and a terminal holocaust. Strobe Talbott, writing in *Time* magazine, neatly copes with Mr. Schell's dichotomy. "His thesis that the world is doomed if it does not take his advice is hardly helpful, since the world is almost certainly not going to take his advice."

The general frenzy has to do with the recognition that a hydrogen bomb is a most awful instrument. It saves a great deal of time and emotional distress to take this datum for granted. For instance, even as we all know that one day we will die, any flirtation with the idea of worldly immortality makes the subject of death more distressing. The only thing that would make death more unpleasant to focus upon is any prospect that death were avoidable—say by discovering the fountain of perpetual youth. An editor of the *Harvard Crimson* remarked a few years ago, rebuking a politician who made light of nuclear warfare, "Mr. Hollander has finally acknowledged that a nuclear war would be, somehow, unpleasant." Another way of saying it is this: Try to imagine Hell on earth. Then ask yourself what would it be like if there were nuclear warfare. The two visions should be similar; with however one important qualifier, namely that Hell is everlasting, while nu-

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clear death, for most of those involved, comes quickly.

Now, having said as much, is any light shed on the current anti-nuclear fever? Are all those societies, demonstrations, town meetings, accomplishing anything that is not already implicitly acknowledged in the chanceries of Moscow and Washington? To hear the protestors speak of nuclear war, you sometimes get the impression that Russian and American politicians will work lifetimes to achieve higher office, merely for the purpose of terminating their lives upon achieving office. It has never appeared to me to make much sense to suppose that Ronald Reagan is less concerned about dying in a nuclear war than Jane Fonda is. After all, Ronald Reagan enjoys international pre-eminence only while he is alive, so why would he wish to die?

Some then go on to fundamentalist analysis, such as that we must get rid of our atom bombs, even if the Soviet Union doesn't get rid of its. George Kennan, writing in *The New Yorker*, recently took a position that defies logic as much as it does common sense. He is not a unilateralist, he begins by saying. On the other hand, the very fact that we *have* atom bombs is the principal reason why the Soviet Union might be tempted to use theirs. If we had no such bombs, what is it that would prompt the Soviet Union to use its atomic arsenal against us? Ergo, get rid of the bombs.

A SORITES that breathtaking has the advantage of leaving the listener, so to speak, disarmed. As one might be disarmed by someone who pointed out ingenuously that wars cause pain for both parties, so why would anyone want to go to war? Unanswerable: except, of course, by pointing out that in fact people have gone to war. And, again, by pointing out that the possession of atomic weapons by a single power, whose habits are not merely defensive, suggests that under the cover of atomic threats, any demands could be made: and at that point even if George Kennan volunteered to give his life for his country, his country would not benefit very much from the transaction, since the Soviet Union cares not about Mr. Kennan's suicide, but cares very much about nuclear retaliation.

In the maelstrom of thinking and rethinking the problem of staying alive, and staying sane, in a nuclear world, one suggestion emerges. As things now stand, the black box (the "football," professionals call it) that accompanies the President wherever he goes offers him a veritable boutique of potential responses, leaving the Soviet Union in the dark as to what exactly would be our response to, say, one demonstration Soviet SS-13 dropped over Detroit. Is this wise? What is to be lost by the President issuing detailed, public instructions as to what exactly he would do in such an event? One U.S. one-megaton bomb over Leningrad? (Detroit might opt for one over Tokyo instead, but that would be commercially mischievous.) A shower of first-strike Soviet bombs would be responded to by a shower of American bombs—and everything in between. In that way, the Soviet Union would be advised of what really is the fundamental point of the matter. Namely, that the use of atomic power would prove suicidal. Isn't this the best form of deterrence? Certainly it would get us the tacit moral backing of Leningrad, and that's a start. □

AMBASSADOR GALBRAITH'S MISSION

New York, April 7—Mr. Reagan's ambassador to France came home last week to deliver a speech to the Council on Foreign Relations in New York, and to its counterpart in Chicago, same speech, which is okay inasmuch as the theme he addressed did not obsolesce overnight, nor is it likely to do so a decade hence. The theme is simply stated, but intricately argued. It is that the United States must resist any temptation, however beguiling, to pull our forces out of Europe. "Even if we hated Europe," Galbraith said, "it would be stupid to do so. The problem is that there are non-stupid people who want us to pull out of Europe, and the imperative is to persuade them that from any point of view, it doesn't make sense."

Evan Galbraith is by profession a banker, a graduate of the Harvard Law School, and a man whose refreshing impact is already registered on the French diplomatic community. Senator Claiborne Pell, who as a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee closely questioned President Reagan's nominee, looking for weaknesses (Galbraith was a political appointment), finally capitulated, reading gracefully into the record a statement that although he conventionally gives a standard speech deploring political appointments, in this case he chose not to do so, having satisfied himself of the special qualifications of Galbraith to act as our ambassador to France.

WHY? WELL, that is not particularly relevant to the thesis, but the ambassador lived ten years in France, knows the French and their language, headed up the Goldwater for President Committee in Europe in 1964, and combines a jeweler's eye for relevant geopolitical questions with a kind of candid pro-Western, pro-capitalist charm that has not escaped the attention of President Mitterrand, who has been quoted as saying that he would prefer in Paris someone who thinks along the lines of President Reagan, over someone who does so only as a matter of professional fidelity.

Anyway, Galbraith, in New York, began by chilling his audience. He did so by reciting a scenario. It had to do with what was likely to happen in the event that American troops withdrew from Europe. Well, who is suggesting that they withdraw? An odd, and disordered, ideological coalition. Always, of course, the capitulationists, who withdraw at any possibility of military confrontation. At the opposite end are some conservatives who are isolationist in inclination, and rejoice at any thought of withdrawing within what they deem sensible military perimeters.

But in between are what one might call the Mansfieldites. Senator Mike Mansfield, as majority leader, argued strongly for the withdrawal of American troops. His arguments were hardly eccentric. Indeed as recently as one year ago, Harold Macmillan, on television in America, said: "Why should the United States provide military protection for Europe, given that Europe is larger, more heavily populated, and richer than the United States?" To which the only answer is: Morally, there is no reason at all why the United States should bear the burden bearable by the party of the first part.

It is Mr. Galbraith's point that the United States' presence in Europe serves not European purposes exclusively (Europe's interests it obviously serves), but also those of the United States. He demonstrated his point theatrically.

What if the United States were to leave?

The ensuing diplomatic offensive by the Soviet Union might easily include such blandishments as the unification of Germany (condition: demilitarization), and great economic trade agreements with the Low Countries and Scandinavia: exit said countries from the alliance, followed by denuclearization between England and Russia—leaving, perhaps, an isolated France, from whose public one would reasonably expect: psychological capitulation. Leaving us without Europe as an ally.

Without Europe, the isolation of the United States, which is finding it difficult enough to control events in Central America, would be resolute. We would be left with an economic agglomeration in Eurasia capable of making its way against our will with or without the threat of nuclear confrontation. The notion that our pride, or our pocketbook, would stand to gain from such an exchange is preposterous. The menace is that there are good people who do not recognize this, which is why Galbraith's message needs to be iterated, and reiterated, in voices loud and clear, intelligent and discerning. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Indian hero of a poem — 170 46 192 16 25 159 32 36

B. Acadian heroine of a poem — 13 141 165 161 69 201 147 59 26 18

C. How the tennis star profited — 60 29 179 10 33 34

D. Revolutionary patriot — 12 35 103 50 2 22

E. Pacific island — 45 51 156

F. One of this poet's poems (after *The*) — 127 19 63 54 134 7 176 27 189 167

97 74 4 38 78 44 174 195

G. Book of the Bible — 118 53 149 95 183 30 56 31 65 15

75 40

H. Tentmaker — 92 121 79 71

I. Bowed — 87 186 37 52 98 90

J. Acadian hero of poem — 162 88 42 80 199 104 139

K. Cash on hand — 107 9 89 93 48

L. One of this poet's daughters — 110 100 171 41 85

M. Medical missionary — 117 86 66 102 193 108 73 47 106 123

114

N. Snack — 101 11 131 57 77

O. Long-time Giant — 136 55 58

P. Indite — 82 96 122 61 128

Q. Dreamer of peace — 99 146 177 43 168 120 152 111 194 14

135 200

R. Pilgrim heroine of poem — 180 109 140 105 129 148 28 64 116

S. Pilgrim hero of poem — 126 76 130 6 153 160 143 62

T. Aleutian island — 133 81 84 125

U. To wash clothes — 21 151 137 172 154 142 119

V. Concerns — 113 157 112 1 150 138 191

W. Against — 178 20 70 94 175 155 173

X. To prepare an animal for market — 8 39 5 184 164 68

Y. Geographical meridians — 163 23 188 83 198 145 124 169 185

Z. American author and diplomat — 182 158 166 67 187 91

AA. Fights between families — 197 72 3 49 144

BB. American poet and essayist — 190 132 17 181 24 196 115

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 506 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 V	2 D	3 AA	4 F	5 X	■	6 S	7 F	■	8 X	9 K	10 C	11 N	12 D	13 B	■	14 Q	15 G	16 A
17BB	18 B	19 F	■	20 W	21 U	22 D	23 Y	24BB	25 A	26 B	27 F	■	28 R	29 C	30 G	■	31 G	32 A
33 C	■	34 C	35 D	36 A	37 I	■	38 F	39 X	40 G	41 L	■	42 J	43 Q	44 F	45 E	■	46 A	47 M
48 K	■	49AA	50 D	51 E	52 I	■	53 G	54 F	55 O	■	56 G	57 N	58 O	■	59 B	60 C	■	61 P
62 S	63 F	■	64 R	65 G	66 M	67 Z	68 X	69 B	■	70 W	71 H	72AA	73 M	74 F	75 G	76 S	■	77 N
78 F	79 H	80 J	81 T	■	82 P	83 Y	84 T	85 L	86 M	87 I	■	88 J	89 K	90 I	■	91 Z	92 H	93 K
■	94 W	95 G	96 P	97 F	98 I	99 Q	100L	■	101N	102M	103D	104J	105R	■	106M	107K	■	108M
109R	110L	111Q	112V	■	113V	114M	115BB	■	116R	117M	118G	■	119U	120Q	121H	122P	123M	124Y
■	125T	126S	■	127F	128P	■	129R	130S	131N	■	132BB	133T	134F	135Q	■	136Q	137U	138V
■	139J	140R	141B	142U	143S	■	144AA	145Y	146Q	147B	148R	149G	150V	■	151U	152Q	153S	■
154U	155W	156E	157V	158Z	159A	160S	161B	162J	■	163Y	164X	165B	166Z	167F	■	168Q	169Y	170A
171L	172U	173W	■	174F	175W	■	176F	177Q	178W	179C	180R	181BB	182Z	183G	184X	185Y	■	186I
187Z	■	188Y	189F	190BB	■	191V	192A	193M	194Q	195F	■	196BB	197AA	■	198Y	199J	200Q	201B

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"There were three of us on the building committee, and we traveled all over the U.S.A. and Canada looking at all sorts of office buildings. We saw that Milliken modular was used an awful lot, and it looked real good. So we picked it."

Richard L. Hindermann
Senior V.P./Home Office Services
Pan American Life Center

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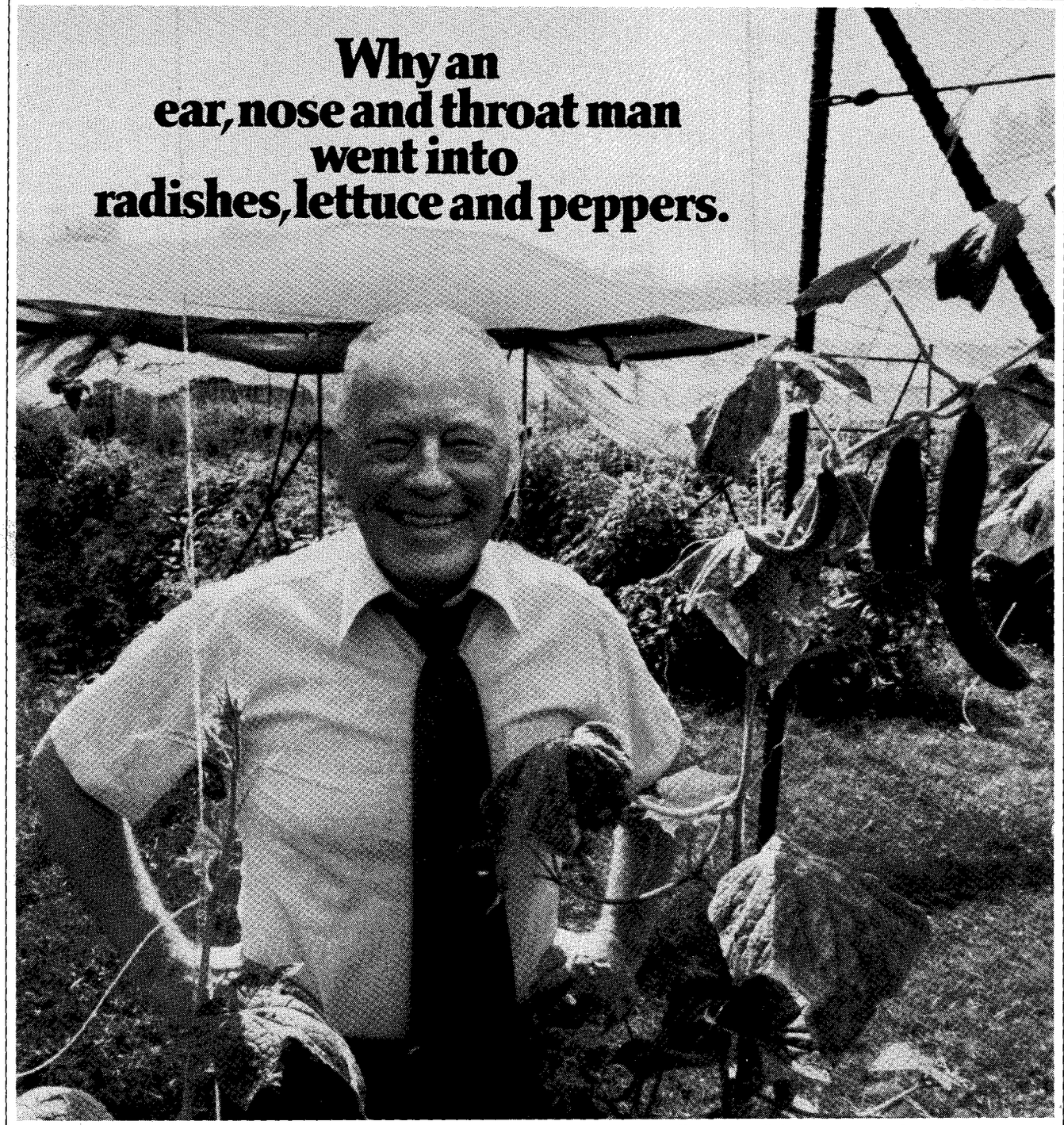
Why an ear, nose and throat man went into radishes, lettuce and peppers.



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